

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER

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SCENES IN LOUISIANA.

OUR Artist has sent us some sketches which illustrate, in a striking degree, the novel phases of life, both military and civil, which the present struggle is evolving. The fact of black regiments being actively employed is not a novelty, since they have been for some time part of the British military system, which, with its usual com-

mon sense, avails itself of every aid in the pursuit of its objects. Our Artist says that among the cypress swamps of Louisiana negro soldiers are invaluable, and accompanies his sketch of the pickets of the First Louisiana native troops, guarding the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad, with some remarks which we quote:

"In this swamp in the wilderness the 'nigger soldiers' are eminently useful. The melancholy solitude, with the spectral cypress trees, which

seem to stand in silent despair, like nature's sentinels waving in the air wreaths of gray funereal moss, to warn all human beings of the latent pestilence around, though unendurable to our soldiers of the North, seems an elysium to these sable soldiers, for the swampy forest has no horrors to them. Impervious to miasma, they see only the home of the coon, the possum and the copperhead, so that with 'de gun dat Massa Sam gib 'em,' they have around them all the essential elements of colored happiness, except ladies' society."

The Old Slave Laws.

In strange forgetfulness of the use to which the colored race may be put, the new *régime* has empowered Provost Marshal Col. French to put in force the old Slave Laws of Louisiana. Our Artist says: "The first result of the Emancipation Proclamation has been attended with a paradoxical effect, namely, a revival of the old Slave Laws of Louisiana. On the evening in question, all the negroes found in the streets after nine o'clock with



PICKETS OF THE FIRST LOUISIANA "NATIVE GUARD" GUARDING THE NEW ORLEANS, OPELOUSSAS AND GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

out passes were arrested by the police, by order of Provost Marshal Col. French. The old law was suddenly revived, without any previous notice or any warning being given. The annoyance caused by this act was immense. Negroes with the keys of their master's house in their possession, with baskets of groceries and various other necessaries, were all taken into the lock-up. Males and females of all ages, sizes, color and kinds were herded together in one promiscuous heap in one of the station-houses, and presented a most revolting spectacle. Attracted by the noise, I made my way into the centre of the crowd, and there saw a sight which I wish you to make your readers see through my sketch, that they may judge for themselves. The figure on the left is the special correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, who was pitifully implored to interpose on behalf of the old lady and her comely mulatto daughter. Despite the indignation of the special correspondent, including myself, our natural love for law and order triumphed, and the incarcerated were left to their fate."

Rebuilding the Levees.

With that diabolical contempt for property which seems the leading idea of rebellion, not content with having destroyed the Union, they seem anxious to destroy everything within their reach. On the approach of the Union forces last April, Gen. Lovell gave orders to break up part of the Levee, which was done to a limited extent. This wanton mischief has been now repaired by the Union authorities, who have set the unemployed poor to work, paying them fair wages. This has considerably decreased the distress still raging in this unhappy city.

Barnum's American Museum.

EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY.

LITTLE MINNIE WARREN, the Empress of Beauty, sister of Mrs. General Tom Thumb, only 25 inches high and weighing but 19 pounds, is to be seen at all hours, with COM. NUTT, and other curiosities. SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission 25 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE..... PROPRIETOR.

E. G. SQUIER..... EDITOR.

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Summary of the Week.

ANOTHER week of apparent inaction, but in reality of active preparation for a campaign, which both sides instinctively feel must end the struggle. Over a wider expanse of territory than ever yet was the theatre of war, numerous armies, thousands of miles apart, led by different commanders, are girding their loins for one more desperate venture. Never before in the history of the world were such mighty hosts pitted against each other, and at such amazing distances. The campaigns of Wellington and Napoleon sink into mere skirmishes or isolated expeditions beside those which have for two years moved the admiring indignation of Europe, who, through its industrial channels, feels indirectly the unhappy conflict.

Let us glance at our grand armies. In the West, under Rosecrans, a great force stands face to face with Bragg and his rebel hordes. A few hundred miles to the South an immense army under Grant stands ready to wrest Vicksburg from the defending thousands who, under Gen. Johnstone, dispute the possession of that important prize. Some hundred miles further South, Gen. Grover has a large force at Baton Rouge, preparing in conjunction with a fleet of gunboats, to assault the Confederate stronghold of Port Hudson; while at New Orleans, Gen. Banks maintains an army to overawe that department. A little to the East we have large bodies of men at Ship Island, Pensacola, Key West, etc. Ascending Northward, we hold Florida with an armed force, while an immense army, under Gens. Hunter and Foster, are preparing for their grand spring on Savannah and Charleston. More Northerly still, we hold Newberne, the coast of North Carolina, with its inland seas of Pamlico, Albemarle and Hatteras. Gen. Peck, at Suffolk, has a large body of men. Viele, at Norfolk, and Dix and Smith, at Fortress Monroe and Newport News, are ready for any contingency. The grand Army of the Potomac is reorganizing on the banks of the Rappahannock, independent of the Reserve Corps under Sigel, destined for the defence of Washington. What are the wars of the Crimea or Italy compared to these numerous campaigns, which would tax the brain of a Julius Caesar? It is, perhaps, not out of place here to observe that with each of these grand divisions we have a Special Artist, who is charged to spare no expense in forwarding to us, in advance of our competitors, sketches of every event of interest.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

ALTHOUGH the President already has the power to enrol and employ negro soldiers, just as Washington and Jackson did, yet the House of Representatives has passed a bill specially authorizing him to enrol 300,000 of them in his discretion. This has occasioned great discussion, as though such enrolment were a novelty or innovation, whereas it is only what our fathers did, North and South, during the Revolution and the late war, and what every other nation having negroes has always done. *Après ce*, we are officially informed that the French Emperor has arranged with the Viceroy of Egypt for a body of black soldiers for Mexico, to be employed on the sea coast, where the climate is unfavorable, if not deadly, to white troops. The *Moniteur*, the Emperor's official organ, naively observes: "This step, taken in the interest of humanity, need not excite the slightest criticism." We are confident, after this hint, there will be but little criticism on the matter in France!

ALTHOUGH criticism in France is dead, under the heavy pressure of the censorship, yet outside of France the pamphleteers speak out boldly, trusting to chance to reach those who sympathize with them at home. A recent pamphlet, published at Brussels, has a review of the political condition of France, equally terse and comprehensive. It is a fine piece of invective, and powerful because true:

"Intermittent war or peace armed to the teeth; the lives of the French soldiers and the resources of France squandered away in rash attempts at intervention in both the Old and the New World; the propaganda of an annexation policy insolently organized among weak nations; a system of general armament on the war-footing made a matter of public safety for all the bordering States. The national debt doubled in the space of ten years; the taxes waxing every year heavier, till they become insufficient to pay the interest of periodical loans; looming bankruptcies, private and public; total extinction of the freedom of debate, of the liberty of meeting, of the liberty of the press; official candidates palmed upon the electors through terror; the use of speech and the formation of public opinion turned into a Government monopoly, just like the tobacco manufacture; the people taught to despise liberty and to worship *millitarism*; the malcontents compelled to reside at a particular place or be excommunicated, according to the will and pleasure of the Prefects; the most honorable citizen exposed to be committed to prison, on being denounced by a police spy; the secrecy of private correspondence violated, and private intercourse interfered with; personal liberty made a sport of, and the fatherland dead, as it were, for all but the Bonapartists; this is the balance-sheet of the Empire."

A LETTER from London states that "out of the 31 specimens of machinery exhibited by citizens of the United States at the great International Exhibition just closed, 28 won medals—a much larger proportion than any other nation."

AS regards the "loyalty of West Point," it appears that at the outbreak of the rebellion there were 820 graduates of the Point in the army, of whom 621 remained true to the Union and in the service; 19 Northerners and 178 Southerners resigned.

THE lights of our literature are fast disappearing, and the names that were once "household words" are becoming "echoes of the past." Mrs. Emma C. Embury, of Brooklyn, who, under the signature of "Ianthine," won an enviable reputation years ago, but who for the past six years suffered under a complication of diseases which paralyzed her prolific pen, died last week in her 57th year. Few women of any country combined physical and mental beauty, social and moral graces, kindness and charity, to the same extent with Mrs. Embury. The proceeds of her literary labors were devoted to the support and amelioration of the poor and the suffering, and administered unostentatiously with her own hands. Her house in Brooklyn was for many years, and until failing health confined her to her private apartment, one of the shrines of the literature and science of the metropolis. There gathered Hoffman and Tuckerian, Halleck, Mrs. Osgood, and numbers of others, some of whom have passed from among us, while others are scattered or estranged. Mrs. Embury was a rare example of the Christian and practical virtues:

"And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her, unaware,
With a halo 'round her hair!"

THE reporters' seats in the two Houses of Congress have a depleted and empty look, which may be accounted for from the fact that they have furnished to the army two Generals, eight Colonels, and an indefinite number of minor officers. May the time soon come when they will be allowed to beat their swords into pens, and again dedicate themselves to create glory for rural representatives.

"GREENBACKS," as they are called, are hoarded as much as gold in Richmond; \$320 of rebel money are now needed to buy \$100 in gold, and \$100 of rebel money buy \$40 in United States treasury notes; that is to say, \$250 of rebel treasury notes are readily paid for \$100 in United States treasury notes. Virginia State money, even, is sold at from 35 to 40 per cent. premium over rebel money.

HON. ELI THAYER, distinguished for his success in what may be called internal colonization, has on foot a scheme for "planting out" the rebellion in Florida. He proposes to send out 20,000 armed settlers to occupy the lands belonging to the Government, or which may be confiscated from the rebels in arms. The peninsula is so completely isolated from the rest of the South that it cannot readily be entered, much less traversed, by large armies, without the aid of a navy. The few roads which penetrate it have a generally east and west direction, and no access by river to an enemy could be had except in the western counties, which Mr. Thayer does not propose to enter. Most of the able-bodied white men have already left for the war, and large numbers of them sacrificed their lives. The 20,000 slaves in it, now in a transition state, will need the assistance of a white class to furnish them employment, for which they will be exceedingly desirous. All things considered, the land is ready for a great and concerted migration from the toiling North. To each one of the proposed 20,000 settlers might be assigned a square mile of land; yet the aggregate would constitute less than one-half of those belonging to the Government in that immense State. Settlements conducted on a wholesale plan, as suggested by Mr. Thayer, if they can be successfully made, would at once create a new condition of society at the extreme South. Churches, schools, colleges, newspapers, the arts, industry—all would at once take root in a region from which they have been nearly excluded hitherto. The effects of such a step in re-annexing that State to the Union will at once strike the mind of the loyal reader as highly beneficial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Canada brings us news from Europe to Feb. 8. The chief items of importance to us are, that the British Parliament was opened by Commission on Feb. 5, and that the Queen said she had abstained from taking any steps to urge upon us a cessation of hostilities, because it had not seemed that any such overtures would be received with favor. She, however, viewed with the deepest concern the conflict which still raged, and witnessed with grief the distress which the war inflicted upon a portion of her subjects. Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, while regretting that England had not accepted Louis Napoleon's proposition, still approved of Lord Palmerston's American policy. It was reported by the London *Times* that certain parties in Paris had offered a loan to the rebel government of five millions sterling on the basis of cotton, at five pence or eleven cents per pound, with the option of exchanging for Confederate bonds at 70, bearing eight per cent. interest.

The insurrection in Poland had spread, and several murderous conflicts had taken place between the Russian troops and the Poles.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

EVERY one remembers the palmy days of the Italian opera, in the glorious reign of the good King Maretz, when plenty reigned in the halls of Astor Place, and combinations of wonderful talent shone lustre upon that classic fane, except Castle Garden. There was gladness in the land at that time, and every one went on his way rejoicing. But a wind blew out from under a cloud, and the good King Max fell from his high estate, and was deposed. And the people mourned for him, crying aloud, "The good King is gone; we have fallen upon evil days, and the spirit of song has departed out from the land for ever." And so years went by, but the good King was still remembered, for the minstrels recounted to the people what he had done; how he had striven to please them; what sacrifices he had made for their amusement; how he had imported beautiful singing birds from foreign countries, and brought forward young native songsters, until all the land was redolent of music. All this, and more, the minstrels told to the people, until all exclaimed, with a sigh, "We wish the good King were back again!"

Well, the good king has come back again; in point of fact, Max Maretz has returned to the city from the "Gem of the Antilles," and will resume the reins of government at the Academy of Music on Monday evening next, March 2, and we feel assured that he will receive a most hearty welcome back. Max Maretz's operatic career in this country is so well known that it is only necessary to refer to it to draw from the experience of the past an assurance for the promise of the future. Through his perseverance under adverse circumstances, and by his energy when surrounded by difficulties which would have daunted any other man, the Italian Opera was sustained for years, until it became a recognized institution and a social necessity. The fluctuations in his career were great, now floating on the swelling tide of prosperity, and now left high and dry by the treacherous, receding waters. He was often baffled, but never beaten, and so bravely were his battles fought, that he almost turned his defeats into victories, and earned for himself the titles of "Indomitable" and "Irrepressible."

For some months past our city has been subject to predatory incursions of musical guerillas, who would swoop down upon us, levy an indemnity for a week's board and lodging, and then pursue their raid upon some other city. They were always welcome, to be sure, and their leader, Herr Grau, was a very gentlemanly fellow, and always paid his reckoning, but everything was done in a hurry, and consequently excellence was rarely achieved.

We have faith that Max Maretz will change this order of things, and restore to us our old-fashioned regular seasons. He comes in an auspicious time; the fashionables are longing for opera, they are dying to display their gorgeous toilettes, which excel in costliness the efforts of all previous seasons, and money is abundant to overflowing. All things seem to favor the belief that Maretz will meet with a great money success, for in addition to the favorable circumstances just mentioned, he has a company every member of which is new to our public, and is, by current report, a fine and attractive artist. The only question is the cost of the entertainment he offers, whether he can afford to pay his vast company at the same rate of admission as for ordinary performances? It is a query in which we are all concerned, for upon the money success depends the length of the season.

It is said that Maretz is backed in his enterprise by Marty; but, granting the report to be true, of which we have no knowledge, it is not to be expected that even so great a capitalist as Marty should keep open, at his own expense, an opera-house for the amusement of other people. That would be an amount of self-sacrificing patriotism only to be met with among Government contractors and the shoddyocracy. The doubt must, of course, be finally solved by the management. Our reason for suggesting it is an earnest desire to see the opera succeed; and as no business success can rest upon any but a money basis, we deem the question we have mooted the most important one for consideration. In the meantime, we congratulate our readers on the advent of a manager who is a popular alike with the artists and the public, and we anticipate much delight from the appearance of his new singers, and the production of the new operas promised.

The names of the artists are: soprano—Josephine Medori, Ortolani, Brignoli; contralto—Enrichetta Salzer; tenor—Francesco Mazzolini, Antonio Masetti; baritone—Fernando Bellini; basso—Anibal Biachi.

The opening opera will be, we understand, Bellini's "Norma." The new operas announced are "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Gulilda," "Arnoldo," "Macbeth."

The concert season seems rather on the wane, but Gottschalk returns next week, and we may look for a series of brilliant musical festivals under his direction.

It is the season of benefits at Wallack's, and the fine artists of that establishment are receiving substantial proofs of their popularity with the public. We have not seen George Holland's benefit-night announced yet. He is, besides being an old favorite, a most capital actor. No matter how small the character he undertakes, he throws into it an individuality which renders it at once a feature. He is one of the most valuable men in Wallack's Theatre, and we hope that his friends and admirers will have an opportunity of proving how highly they esteem him as an actor and as a man.

The beautiful Miss Bateman has left us, after playing an engagement of many weeks with extraordinary success. Niblo's was crowded nightly, and the money turned from the doors would be a fair result for the engagement of an ordinary star.

Miss Caroline Riehings commences an engagement at Niblo's this week. She produces the dramatic spectacle, "Satanella, or the Power of Love," with some of Balfe's music. It is produced in very splendid style, and among other attractions will be found a fine ballet company with Madame Galetti, the Masetti, etc.

The engagement of Mr. Edwin Booth came to a sudden close in consequence of the melancholy death of his young and beautiful wife. We sympathize with his bereavement, in common with a large circle of his friends. Miss Mary Provost has supplied his place, and appeared during the week in the play of "Ingraham," supported by Mr. L. P. Barrett.

The Queen of Comedy and Song, Mrs. John Wood, is still the power regnant at Laura Keene's Theatre.

Her personation of the "Fair One with the Golden Locks" has set all the lovers of burlesque nearly wild; it is the most poignant piece of acting we have seen for some time. No one could pass two hours more pleasantly within the walls of a theatre than with the "Fair One with the Golden Locks."

Barnum's Museum is crowded with visitors to the levees of the Empress of Beauty, Miss Minnie Warren, and the gallant bachelor, Commodore Nutt. They are fully as attractive as their predecessors, General Thumb and his little bride. The Sea Lion and the living Hippopotamus and other rare curiosities are still on exhibition. "The interesting drama, 'Raoul, or the Wreck of a Life,'" is performed every afternoon and night.

Mr. Oscanyan, the well-known author, gives a lecture at Cooper Institute this (Thursday) evening on "Turkish Women," for the benefit of the children of our soldiers who have fallen on the field. He is an admirable speaker, and treats his subject with rare skill. We understand that every ticket is disposed of.

CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Feb. 16.—SENATE.—The Military Committee made a report on the "French Lady" (as Richard Thomas is called), who was found in a cabin bureau—it pronounced him eccentric but not insane. The other business was unimportant.

HOUSE.—The only business before the House was the Indian Appropriation and Louisiana Election.

TUESDAY, Feb. 17.—SENATE.—The bill authorizing letters of marque and reprisal was considered. An amendment in the shape of a substitute, authorizing the President in all domestic and foreign wars to issue letters of marque, was adopted, and the bill as amended was passed, 27 to 9. The Senate adjourned after holding an executive session.

HOUSE.—The proceedings unimportant.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 18.—SENATE.—A communication was received from the Vice-President, stating that he should be absent during the remainder of the session, and Mr. Foote, of Vermont, was chosen President *pro tempore*. A joint resolution to compensate the crew of the steamer Monitor, for the loss of clothing, etc., was passed. A communication was received through the Secretary of War, from Charles H. Haswell, regarding the Banks transports. The bill to establish the gauge of the Pacific Railroad and its branches at four feet eight and a half inches was passed.

HOUSE.—The Senate's substitute for the bill to aid the State of Missouri in emancipating her slaves was taken up and debated. The point was raised, that as it made an appropriation, it must go to the Committee of the Whole, and the point being decided well taken, it was voted to send it back to the Select Committee on Emancipation. The Senate's substitute for the bill indemnifying the President and other persons for the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and for acts committed in pursuance thereof, was then considered until the recess. The subject was also continued in the evening session, during which several important speeches were made, prominent among which was one of Mr. May, of Maryland, against the Government, and one by Mr. Leary, also of Maryland, in reply to Mr. Thomas, of Maryland, likewise made a reply to Mr. May.

THURSDAY, Feb. 19.—SENATE.—The President was called upon for a copy of a letter, dated Oct. 4, 1861, from Gen. Scott to the Secretary of War. The bill to indemnify the President for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* was debated and postponed.

HOUSE.—The Senate's substitute for a bill indemnifying the President for suspending the *habeas corpus* was debated and rejected. A conference was then demanded.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20.—SENATE.—Proceedings of no importance.

HOUSE.—The bill to establish a uniform national currency was passed as it came from the Senate, by a vote of 78 to 74.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21.—SENATE.—The greater part of the sitting was taken up in discussing the subject of arbitrary arrests. Powell and Wilson were the principal speakers, each opposing the other with great vehemence. Mr. Powell gave notice that he should call for an investigation regarding the dispersion of a Convention recently assembled at Frankfort, Ky.

HOUSE.—The Post-Office Reform bill was passed, 72 to 56; an amendment was adopted, franking all letters to soldiers in camp and hospital. Senator Wilson's Conscription bill was

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Secretary of the Treasury reports that 3,325 bales and 1,779 bags of cotton, realizing \$95,663, have been sold in New York on Government account.

— A cargo of cotton has lately arrived in New York from Rio Janeiro.

— The wealth of Ohio is estimated at \$1,200,000,000.

— The last year's profit of the Illinois Central Railroad was above \$1,000,000.

— The Boston *Transcript* says with sly malice, "An insane man named James Masett got married last week."

— The Adams *News* says that a careful review of the writing paper manufacture in Berkshire county, shows that there is invested in mills and machinery \$923,000, employing 1,180 persons, and producing an annual value of \$2,000,000.

— In Portland, a few days ago, Mr. Thomas Barnes, who had become insane, chased his watcher out of the room with a stick of wood, and then escaped to the street, where he wandered about some 15 minutes, with no other garment on than a shirt, the mercury being below zero.

— The funeral of the late Lieut.-Commodore Thomas McKean Buchanan, United States Navy, killed at Bayou Teche, Louisiana, on the 14th January, took place at his native town, Bellefonte, Pa., on the 1st February. He was but 25 years of age.

— On Feb. 18th, in addition to the usual New York work, there were received by steamer, from Newbern, N. C., 66,000 letters; Port Royal, 16,000; and three mails from New Orleans by different steamers bringing about 15,000—making, in all, nearly 100,000 extra letters in one day. On the following morning, by the arrival of the Saxons with the European mails, were received over 30,000 letters.

— Killen's woollen factory at Fairhaven, Vt., now occupied by Ellis & Co., was partially destroyed by fire on the 10th February. Loss about \$3,000; fully insured.

— The "no card" mania, which followed the marriage card mania that sent powerful boys round with baskets full of pasteboard, has subsided in New York. It was done by one who appended to the notice of his marriage: "No friends to send cards to."

— A disease has shown itself in Vermont which is pronounced by physicians to be an epidemic diphtheria, and which is unusually fatal. Its first symptom is a numbness in the lower extremities, and it makes rapid strides, proving fatal in two or three days, without any sign of sore throat being visible.

— Theodore R. Sloan, a clerk in the store of J. S. Medina & Co., Philadelphia, has been arrested for stealing money from his employers to enable him to prepare for the ministry!

— The ladies of Becket, one of the small towns in Berkshire, have, since they began their work, sent \$500 worth of hospital supplies to the army and Sanitary Commission.

— There was a great fall of snow in Vermont on the 13th February, which blocked up the railroads. More than two feet of snow fell at Randolph.

— The Hartford *Times* says that Gen. Butler has cleared \$7,000,000 by his New Orleans campaign.

— A gentleman in Lyons, Iowa, lost an envelope containing \$400 last August. He has lately received the money from a Catholic priest, who obtained it through the confession of the sinner, and as the money was entirely in United States demand notes, worth from six to seven per cent, premium, and they are now selling at \$1.48 to \$1.50, he has made a handsome sum by the operation.

— Pennsylvania exported last year \$90,000,000 worth of coal—more in value than the California's gold yield for 1862.

— The new bank bills of Rhode Island are ornamented with a portrait of Gen. Burnside.

— The Board of Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company on Feb. 20th unanimously adopted a resolution to complete, at the very earliest period, the double-track between New York and Washington. The work has already been finished as far as the Relay House, nine miles from Baltimore, and the resolution contemplates its completion to Washington by the 1st of May.

— We have a new territory—the Arizona bill has passed both houses, and only awaits the Presidential approval to be a law.

— A well-known Confederate, named Charles Carroll Hicks, was arrested on Friday at the St. Nicholas Hotel. He was charged by Gen. Wool with being a spy.

— The New York *Herald* says that Gen. Wool has ordered the stores of New York to be searched for arms and ammunition.

— A subscription is being raised for the family of Mr. John Slover, who was killed at a recent fire.

— The Secretary of the Treasury has sent to Congress information about the frauds on the revenue perpetrated in the New York Custom-House. They have been going on for several years, and a number of prominent clerks are implicated. False invoices, false samples, &c., have been the means, and false swearing has whitewashed the frauds. It would seem to prove the suspected fact than an *ad valorem* tariff is an invitation to thieves.

— **Western.**—Letters from Minnesota have been received, expressing the deepest apprehension of another invasion by the Indians, who have sworn to destroy Mankato, where the Indians were recently hanged, and plant Indian corn on its site. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* (Feb. 19) states that the most pressing appeals for aid have been made to Washington, but without effect.

— Gen. Hurlbut has suppressed the Chicago *Times* within the limits of his command.

— The Illinois Legislature finally adjourned on Feb. 14. The Democratic peace resolutions passed the House, but were prevented from passing the Senate by the withdrawal of enough Republicans to deprive the Senate of a quorum; so that when this body came to take action upon them, there were not sufficient members present to constitute a legal body.

— A skirmish took place on Feb. 13, near Bolivar, Tenn., between a detachment of the 1st cavalry and a body of rebels, the result of which was about 20 killed, wounded and captured.

— The Cumberland river has 20 feet over the shoals, and is still rising. Heavy rains have been falling.

— Three hundred rebels of Hindman's army were frozen to death in their recent retreat from Van Buren.

— The contrabands now at Cairo are in a dreadful state of disease, dirt and destitution; 1,700 are confined in one building; 60 is the usual weekly average of deaths.

— A Lieutenant in the 32d Illinois regiment, falling in with a charming rebel siren at Nashville, Tennessee, became so infatuated that he some weeks ago deserted, and with the young lady escaped beyond the Federal lines. The young lady was wealthy, and by the use of her money the pair managed to run the blockade at Charleston, and arrived at Havana, last Christmas day, where they were married, and are now living, it is said, in happiness and elegance.

— A daily paper has been started in San Francisco called One o'Clock. It is published at the hour indicated by the name.

— Gov. Tod has declared his intention to draft in Ohio, in March.

— Judging from the supplies which are going forward from Cincinnati, Gen. Rosecrans's army is not likely to suffer at present. Capt. Gill is shipping as rapidly as possible 1,000 large packages, comprising

the following among other articles: 150,000 pairs of drawers, 100,000 shirts, 140,000 pairs of stockings, and 50,000 pairs of infantry trowsers.

— **Southern.**—In a recent article on the war, the London *Times* says: "The South should remember that they rose against an established Government in the exercise of its legal functions; that they obtained, by the agency of traitors in that Government, a considerable supply of arms and money, and that Union which they seek to dissolve is, as events have proved, the dearest wish of every American heart."

— Three rebel young ladies, in their enthusiasm for the war, announce through the columns of the Raleigh *Standard* that they will provide clothes for their soldiers as long as the war continues, if the soldiers will consent to marry them when the war is over.

— The Richmond *Examiner* thus denounces the rebel cavalry: "The cavalry accomplish a great deal, but it is a deal of mischief; they perform a vast amount of service, but unhappily, as a general rule, it inures indirectly to the benefit of the enemy. Their lack of economy is as deplorable as their lack of drill and discipline, and a general banditism of at least two-thirds of the numerous corps now in the field would be hailed with joy by all the people whom they claim to protect. These troops are a reproach to the Confederate service, a curse to the cause against which they have raised up thousands of enemies, a scourge to our own people, and a desolation to large districts of wilderness country which, but for them, would be producing crops for the general support."

— The Atlanta *Sentinel* says the vilest whiskey, which, before the war, a gentleman would not give to his nigger, nor even knowingly to a Yankee, is selling at \$30 a gallon.

— **Military.**—There are about 100,000 men yet wanting under the last call. New York is 34,000 deficient. Drafting will commence directly Congress adjourns.

— The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that Charleston is now defended by over 1,000 guns. Mr. Secretary Welles says 200.

— Gen. McDowell, towards the close of his defense before the Court of Inquiry, says: "I have been in constant active service. No doubt of my loyalty has been entertained by the authorities or my superiors, and no evidence questioning it has been brought before this Court; and yet I have had to leave my command and undergo the humiliation of this investigation, on a charge, in my case, as baseless as it is senseless, and this in an intelligent country as ours claims to be. The charge of treason is a fit pendant to the one of drunkenness, and quite as true, seeing that, to this day, I have never drunk anything but water."

— Gen. Hunter having found it impossible to induce the colored people to enlist in his negro brigade, has resolved to force them. He has consequently ordered a draft of all able-bodied negroes.

— The spirited and accurate sketch in our paper for January 17, representing the "Skedaddle from Charleston," was by Lieut. Kirby of the 47th New York, and not of the 47th Massachusetts volunteers, as stated by us. It was made by the gallant Lieut. Gen. E. D. Terry issued a very complimentary general order on the gallant soldier, regulating the funeral.

— Ex-Gov. Roger Baldwin died in New Haven, Conn., Feb. 19, aged 78. He was the grandson of Roger Sherman of Revolutionary memory.

— James Hanlan, U. S. District Attorney for Kentucky, died at Frankfort, Ky., of pneumonia.

— Commander Maxwell Woodhull was killed on the 19th February at Fort Marshall, Baltimore.

— Mr. Drake Mills, a well-known merchant of this city, died on Feb. 15, at the Brevort House, in the 71st year of his age. Mr. Mills was the father-in-law of Fernando Wood. He leaves a very large and valuable estate to be distributed among the members of his family.

— Dr. George P. Cammann, long associated with the Dertil Dispensary and other kindred benevolent institutions, died on Feb. 19. Dr. Cammann was ever zealous and faithful in the discharge of his professional duties.

— Mary, wife of the celebrated actor, Edwin Booth, died at Dorchester, Mass., Feb. 21, aged 23. She was a lady of great worth, and much beloved by her husband and a large circle of friends. She leaves one child, a girl two years old.

— Commander Maxwell Woodhull was born in this State, and appointed from it, June 4, 1822. He was commissioned Lieutenant, July 17, 1843, and promoted to commander in 1852, when he took charge of the Clermont. While in command of that vessel he performed important service in the James river, while Gen. McClellan was on the Peninsula. In July last the enemy sought to shell the Union camps at Harrison's Landing from the opposite shore. The attack was made at night, when Commander Woodhull returned the fire with such precision that the enemy were forced to abandon their attempt. After the evacuation of the Peninsula the Clermont was ordered to the South Atlantic squadron, and after performing important duties on the Florida coast, was ordered by Admiral Wilkes, to join his squadron in the Bermudas. It was while proceeding to her destination that she encountered a gale which so damaged her that she was sent to Baltimore for repairs. Commander Woodhull was beloved and respected for his bravery and many endearing qualities.

— Gen. Rosecrans has issued an order directing that the name Stone river be inscribed on the national colors of each regiment, and the guidon of each battery that was engaged in the recent battle before Murfreesboro'. The order further states that the General Commanding is proud to know that there was not a single regiment or battery which did not, in that memorable conflict, bear a meritorious part.

— The Commissioners in Philadelphia, appointed to appraise the prize steamer Princess Royal, have valued her at \$12,000, but \$8,000 less than the appraised value of the steamer Bermuda. The Government was willing to take the Princess Royal at the sum named, but there being a legal obstacle in the way, Judge Cadwalader has ordered a sale, which will take place as soon as the necessary publication can be made. Should the vessel be bought by the Government, she will be at once fitted up as a gunboat. As she is very fast, she will be valuable for blockading purposes.

— The Richmond papers say that the rebels are building three iron-clad rams in the Red river.

— The Alabama has made two more captures. The brig Chastelaine, of Boston, and the barque Golden Rule, of New York.

— Admiral Porter reports that the Confederate steamer Vickburg was so much damaged by the Queen of the West, that she is kept afloat by barges, and her machinery has been taken out, preparatory to her being destroyed.

— **Personal.**—Mrs. Douglas—widow of Senator Douglas—has written a letter to a friend in relation to the rumor that she is about to be married again. The following extract is published: "Although I live so quietly, the world seems determined to talk about me. I have been disturbed by rumors that I am engaged. I hope you will think enough of me not to allow any one to say such a thing to you without resentment."

— Gen. Scott still remains in the quiet retirement of his rooms, and every pleasant day rides out for air and exercise. He is necessarily feeble, but is not so mentally and physically exhausted as to recent paragraphs in a newspaper described. He receives visitors daily, is quite cheerful, and it is known, he is often at the New York Club, of which he is a member, in the evening, and sometimes sits up till near midnight. His powers of endurance as a soldier have not yet been exhausted in the civilian.

— Lawley, of the London *Times*, thus describes the rebel chief: "Jefferson Davis is a slight, light figure, little exceeding middle height, and holds himself erect and straight. He was dressed in a rustic suit of slate-colored stuff, with black handkerchiefs round his neck; his manner is plain, and rather reserved and drastic; his head is well formed, with a fine full forehead, square and high, covered with innumerable fine lines and wrinkles, features regular, though the cheek bones are too high and the jaws too hollow to be handsome; the lips are thin, flexible and curved; the chin square, well defined; the nose very regular, with wide nostrils; and eyes deep set, large and full; one seems nearly blind, and is partly covered

with a film, owing to excruciating attacks of neuralgia and tic. Wonderful to relate, he does not chew tobacco, and is neat and clean-looking, with hair trimmed and boots brushed."

— Countess of Waldegrave, daughter of John Graham, the famous singer, was married last month in London for the fourth time.

— The Democratic Convention in Connecticut has nominated Thomas H. Seymour for Governor.

— Ex-Gov. Levi Lincoln, of Mass., fell down a high flight of stairs on the 13th of Feb., at Worcester, and is much injured.

— John Connors, the new U. S. Senator for California, is a Democrat of the Douglas school.

— Mrs. Ben. Wood, wife of the member of Congress from New York, was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Flushing with imposing ceremonies, recently.

— Mrs. Mary Owens has just returned from the army to her home in Huntingdon county, Pa., wearing the uniform which she has sported for several months. Mrs. Owens, it seems, enlisted in the company which her husband had previously joined. She had married him secretly and against her father's wishes, and determined to follow his fortunes wherever they might lead. She accompanied her husband to the field, and in the first battle which took place, saw him struck down dead while fighting by her side. She was in the service altogether eighteen months, took part in three battles, and was wounded twice, first in the face above the right eye, and then in the arm, which required her to be taken to the hospital, where she confessed the deception, and was discharged. Mrs. Owens is described as a woman of considerable beauty, and is said to be the heroine of the neighborhood in which she resides.

— **Obituary.**—Rev. Charles Cummins, D. D., died at Muscatine, Iowa, Jan. 9th, in his 87th year. Dr. Cummins was born in Strasburg, Pa., and graduated at Dickinson College, under Dr. Nesbit. He was first settled at Chestnut Level, Pa., then at Florida, N. Y. In 1852 he removed to Muscatine.

— The Lebanon (Pa.) *Courier* records the death of Dr. George Heidenreich, the oldest physician of that place, who died suddenly on the 12th Feb., in the 83d year of his age. He had been a successful practicing physician in Lebanon through the lifetime of the present generation, and at all times commanded the respect of the public.

— Edward S. Terry, formerly partner of C. O'Connor, and one of the most eminent lawyers in New York, died lately in Boston, in great destitution.

— The Hon. Presley Sprance died at Smyrna, Del., on the 13th Feb., aged 78. He was a U. S. Senator for six years from 1847. He was a merchant of wealth, prominence and integrity. His politics were Whig.

— Col. Charles A. Knoderer, of the 167th Penn. volunteers, died on the 15th Feb. in the hospital at Suffolk, Va., from wounds received on the 30th of Jan. at the battle of the Deserted House, Blackwater river. Gen. E. D. Terry issued a very complimentary general order on the gallant soldier, regulating the funeral.

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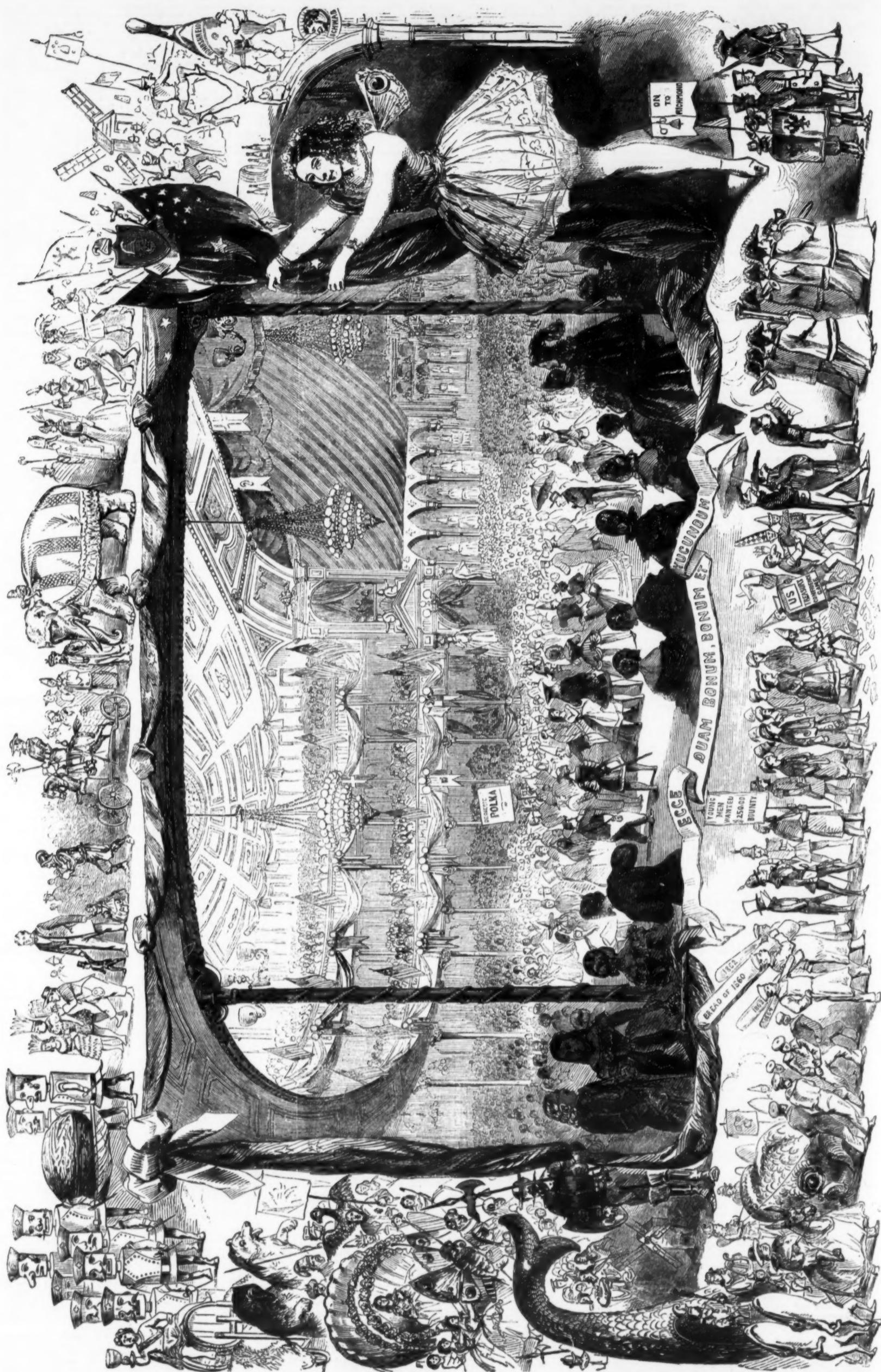
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— **Accidents and Offences.**—A well-dressed man entered the banking-house of Seitz & Co., in Detroit, one evening last week, made a few inquiries and walked out. As he closed the door behind him, he slipped a stick through the handle of the door in such



GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE UNION SOCIETY. AT NIBLO'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11.



THE EVENING STAR.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

LEAN from the lattice, lady bright,
Trifle no more with the pensive guitar,
For the sun, in an ebbing ocean of light,
Is anchored, to wait for the evening star.

And yonder the palace windows blaze;
Such radiant gold from the west they win,
That you say, in a sort of pretty amaze,
"Surely there must be a sun within!"

Over your head a rose-vine clings,
Deftly the long stems climb and lace,
And a full red bud in the west wind swings,
Brushing the rose of your beautiful face.

Lean from the lattice, lady sweet!
The wind is blowing the bud apart,
And one is coming adown the street
To open to you his princely heart.

But your lips are touched by a scornful smile:
"What is he but a boy?" you say.
"If I bent to him for a little while,
It was only the whim of a lady gay."

Trifle again with the vibrant guitar!
But the boy you scorn has reached your
side,
And, looking away at the evening star,
You drop for a moment your sceptre of
pride.

The star is leaning out of the skies,
To hearken to passionate words and low;
"I love"—and "I love," your heart replies,
Whether your lips assent or no.

What if you turn his fear to joy?
Yield him the heart he dares implore,
Lean on the swelling breast of the boy,
And love him—and love him for evermore.

Your cheeks are hot, oh, lady proud!
They prate of the pained heart's rapid
throes;
But over the star there sweeps a cloud,
And you—are crushing the half-blown rose!

Fine is the pride of the steady eye,
Of the curving lip and the stately head;
Measured and clear, with never a sigh,
Are the words of the cruel falsehood said!

Now close the shutters and light the lamp,
Recklessly toy with the merry guitar;
The wind of the west is cool and damp,
And—what care you for the evening star?

And yet, and yet, oh, lady fair,
If yonder palace you think to win,
With its windows blazing with gold; beware
How you fancy there is a sun within!

Else, pierced by a lifelong pain, I ween,
Robbed of all love light, cheated of joy,
Even you, lady, may pine to lean
On the noble, burning heart of a boy,

Nov. 1862.

PRIZE STORY

No. 7.

A MURDER FOR LOVE!

By Kathcart.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE world had not gone well with Mr. Philip Thurber.

He had been for ten years a married man. The only real happiness he had ever known had come to him through his marriage.

His wife loved him.

A year before she married him she had buried a husband whom she had never loved.

Her life with that husband whom she had never loved had been one of luxury, ease and outward comfort, but of real misery.

Her life with this husband, whom she did love, was one of vicissitude, of poverty, of misfortune, of struggle and privation, but of real happiness.

She loved and she was beloved. That is heaven to a woman.

This lady was given to the habit of silently comparing her condition with that of the married women of her acquaintance. In these comparisons she found endless sources of self-gratulation and pride.

She believed that she possessed her husband's entire confidence and his first and only love. He concealed nothing from her. She knew his trials, for she shared and lightened them. She gloried in the oneness which she believed existed between them.

She was older than her husband. She did not believe that she was beautiful—but she knew that in his eyes she was the perfection of all that was beautiful. She knew that he loved her with passion—that he never left her without regret nor returned to her without joy; that he had neither thought nor eye for other women; that his triumphs—for sometimes his talents commanded triumphs for him—were only sweet because they pleased her; that he lived only for her and that he would die with her.

It was all true. Such was the love of Philip Thurber for his wife. She returned it in all its fervor.

But there was a worm that gnawed at Philip Thurber's heart.

At the time of his marriage his wife had brought to him some money. Not a great sum—no more than a few thousand dollars.

It is the law of the being of such women as Philip Thurber's wife to invest the one they love with every attribute of manly wisdom, goodness and power. Not content with loving their husbands or lovers for what they really are, they insist on worshipping them for what they might be.

Mrs. Thurber might safely have loved her husband for his genius as a man of letters; for the purity of his life; for the fervor and constancy of his devotion to her. But she likewise had believed him to be incapable of committing an error in the management of money.

She was not cold and calculating enough to have entertained doubts as to the safety of her money when placed in his hands. During her brief courtship neither she nor he gave the matter any thought. Upon their marriage her fortune became his, without limitation or reservation.

He had not wasted it in riotous living, nor had he expended it in any extravagant or selfish manner. With her full approbation, and even to her delight, he had invested it in certain literary and political enterprises that to him appeared to promise success. These speculations had failed, and the whole of his wife's fortune had been swallowed up.

She never reproached him, and never appeared to mourn the loss of the money. She never alluded to its loss. She bore the privations and trials that followed, not only with calmness and courage, but even with cheerfulness. She clung closer to him who had impoverished her.

But Philip Thurber did not conceal from himself that his wife had been rudely awakened from one of her delusions regarding him.

Prior to this she had believed him to be a faultless being.

She now knew that he was imperfect, fallible, liable to error.

She perhaps loved him more—but she esteemed him less. He was no longer the deity he had been.

He loved this woman with a passion so profound—perhaps we should say with a selfishness so refined and etherealized—that the thought of thus having lost even this fragment of her worship was irrepressibly painful to him.

He dwelt upon this thought until his mind became morbidly sensitive and diseased in regard thereto. He conceived the monstrous idea that unless he could obtain possession of a sum equal or greater to that which he had taken from his wife, and thereby restore her to that position of comfort and affluence from which he had dragged her, he never could be happy. To attain this sum he had labored. A bare competence—sometimes not even that—had been the only fruit of his toil.

Mrs. Thurber fancied she knew the heart of her husband. She knew nothing of the worm that gnawed that heart.

THE LETTER.

The tenth anniversary of their wedding day had arrived. Mr. Thurber sat in the breakfast parlor of his home, awaiting the entrance of his wife.

It was their custom to make festivals of these anniversaries. They always spent them together. Philip would do no work on these happy days—he made them sacred to their loves. To his wife, never so happy as when with her husband, never happy, indeed, unless when with him, these days were seasons of unmixed happiness.

On this morning, after a sleepless night, Philip had arisen with languor and depression. He endeavored to appear as usual, but his wife saw that he was ill. She promised herself the felicity of detaining him in the house for several days, and the pleasure of nursing him.

His wife entered the room. He rose, took her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly.

She was a woman made to be kissed. Small in stature; faultless in shape; graceful; health blooming upon her soft, warm cheek; sunlight gleaming upon her brown hair; happiness sparkling in her eyes; love hiding in the dimples around her little mouth.

Philip kissed her tenderly; held her in his arms a moment, looking at her sweet and fresh face; and then kissed her passionately—so passionately that the little woman blushed like a young girl, and felt her heart bound with happiness and pride.

"Did you wonder where I had gone, Phil?" said she, and her voice was soft and sweet; "I have been to the city—you are not to go out of the house to-day, my lord and master, and I fancied you might fret about your letters. So I went to your office and got the mail for you. I can't talk if you stop my mouth in that fashion, Phil. Ten letters, my love—but you shall not have one of them unless you behave yourself with more propriety and decorum, and unless I am satisfied that reading them will not make your head ache again."

And she turned away to divest herself of her hat and shawl.

"You are too good, Anna," said her husband. "You spoil me."

"I like you best spoiled," she replied.

"What a degrading confession," returned her husband. "Your taste then has become corrupted. Like an Esquimaux, you prefer your delicacies in a putrid state."

"Don't be disgusting, Phil, and don't affect to misunderstand me. For if you are not good you shall not have your letters."

"I think I shall sentence you to read them to me—that will be a new sensation, and a deliciously lazy and luxurious one. Ten letters, you said—it will require an hour to get through them, unless, indeed, they should be duns, in which case we may consider them done already."

"Such violent attempts at wit, my love, will increase your headache. Be quiet, now, while I prepare to read."

She drew a chair to her husband's side, but he, apparently in no haste to ascertain the contents of



The Poisoned Peach.

his correspondence, offered her a seat upon his knee, and folded her in his arms.

"Darling," said he, as he smoothed her soft hair upon her forehead, "darling, are you happy this morning?"

She looked up into his face, and although the tears trembled in her eyes, she smiled.

"Yes, Philip, I am happy. More happy now than ever. Every year happier than before."

"This is the tenth year, darling," he continued; "ten happy, tranquil years. Heaven sent you to me, Anna."

"And I make you happy!" she asked.

The little woman had asked this question innumerable times, and never wearied of hearing it answer. This time it was answered by a kiss. Husband and wife were silent for a while, thinking of the past and of each other's love.

"I think you are too good for me, Philip," said she at last. "I often think so. You are so much better than I am. You have none of my faults. You are never petulant, never unreasonable, never cross."

"Idolatry in the nineteenth century!" said Philip.

"And then I know you love me," she exclaimed, passionately. "I have tried to be worthy of you, my husband. I know that I am not worthy but—"

"Hush! hush! my love!" said he, stopping her mouth with kisses.

And then there was a happy silence again for a few moments. She was the first to break it.

"Do you know, Phil," said she, still lying in his arms, and with her face resting on his breast, "do you know that I met Mrs. Owleye this morning, in the city. If there is a woman I despise, it is she. She is the queen of hypocrites. I would not have that woman's doubting, suspicious, evil-believing nature for ten times her wealth."

"Never mind Mrs. Owleye this morning, Anna."

"But I wished to tell you, Phil, what she said. I never yet have told you what cause I had to hate her, although it has often been on my tongue. Before we were married, darling, that woman was very intimate with me. I did not know her then so well as I do now. She learned that we were to be married, and she came bustling in my room one morning—

"What ridiculous story is this I hear," said she, concerning you and Mr. Thurber! I hear you are to be married."

"I hope so," I replied.

"Indeed!" she sneered; "you tempt me to repeat to you Hamlet's reproaches to his mother. What do you know of this man? He is poor, without influence, without position—nay, he is unknown. How long have even you known him? What assurance have you that he is not an adventurer—that he has not left a Mrs. Thurber behind him, who will turn up again some day like Mrs. Pillieoddy's drowned husband did?"

Philip shuddered. It was fortunate that his wife did not see how ghastly his face had grown. He did not speak.

"I silenced her very quickly, Phil," continued his wife, "and ordered her to leave me. I told her I was proud of your love—that any woman in the city would be proud of it. What did I want to know of you but that you loved me? I quarreled with her that morning, and we have never been friends since then. But this morning she met me, and as she passed me she asked, 'Pray has that Mrs. Thurber turned up again yet, my dear?'

"If the woman had a husband, Anna, I would cause him to compel his wife to be civil; but we cannot fight a woman, darling," said Philip huskily.



The Fatal Letter

His wife laughed lightly—laughed in the lightness and happiness of her heart.

"Oh, she does not trouble me, Phil," she said; "she is only jealous of my happiness, and I can pardon her insolence. Come, let me read your letters."

She disengaged herself from her husband's embrace, seated herself on a stool at his foot, and drew forth the letters from her pocket.

"Here they are, love," she said. "Ten of them. Six are from Washington, franked by senators. We will read them first. Two are from New York—from your publishers, I suppose. One is from home—and this one is unknown. Who is this from, Phil?"

And she held up before his eyes a letter, inclosed in a white envelope, and directed in a delicate handwriting.

His face had been pale before, but what now blanched it to deathly whiteness, and brought that look of horror and dismay into his eyes?

His wife uttered an exclamation of alarm, and rose hastily to her feet, dropping the letters upon the carpet.

"What is it, Phil? Are you ill? What shall I do? What shall I get for you? Can you not speak to me?"

And she wrung her hands in dismay. Philip recovered his composure in a moment.

"Don't be alarmed, birdie," he said; "I thought I was about to faint. I have felt very strangely all the morning, and you know I could eat nothing at breakfast. I am better now; but give me some brandy, please, and that will strengthen me. Don't be frightened, love."

She hurried out of the room to procure what he had asked for.

As the door closed upon her Philip hastily picked up the letter in the white envelope from the carpet, his hands trembling as with the palsy. He was about to thrust it in his pocket, but hesitated.

"She will ask about it," he muttered. He opened it.

It contained these words:

"At last I am free and have come to you. I know that you have waited for me. I will arrive at the T— Hotel at six this evening. I will expect you there."

"Thine, as in the past and for ever,

"KATE."

Again that look of horror overspread his face. He groaned aloud.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he exclaimed.

Suddenly he grew calm; the color returned to his face, he breathed freely again. He looked toward her door by which his wife had left the room.

"At least you shall be saved, my darling," he said aloud.

The words contained in the letter, which he still held in his hand, filled only one side of the sheet on which they were written. He tore the sheet in half and placed the written portion within his bosom. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote upon the other half of the sheet these words, in a feigned hand:

"OLD FELLOW—Come to the T— to-night, for an hour. Business of importance to you will be transacted there. I want you to meet Wilson and Weir. You can secure them and their business. They authorize me to offer you very liberal terms. Come at six.

"Faithfully, FARLIN."

He refolded this sheet, replaced it in the envelope and resuscitated himself, with the unsealed letter in his hand, just as his wife re-entered the room. She carried a decanter of brandy and a glass, with which she hurried to his side. He poured out some of the liquor and drank it eagerly.

"I am all right now," said he, gaily; "I ought to be hipped for alarming you so needlessly. But I did feel very queer. Set down the bottle, darling, and come back to our letters; I promise you that I will not go off again."

She still seemed anxious and disturbed; but the tone of his voice, and the flush upon his cheek reassured her. She seated herself.

"I opened the unknown letter while you were absent," said he. "It is from Farlin. He wishes me to come to the T— to-night, to meet those rich clients. But I can't leave my wife to-night. Here is his letter."

She read it—she seemed to ponder over it. Her husband watched her narrowly but furtively.

"Will you lose these men, if you do not go to-night?" asked she at length.

"I suppose so," he answered. "They are on their way home, and I presume will not wait over to-night."

"If you are well enough then," she said, with a sigh, "you ought to go. It will be hard to lose you, even for an hour on this night—the night we have always spent together; but I must not be too selfish. I am anxious for your fame, my love, and you have told me of what this case might do for you, if it came into your hands. I must not stand in the way. I will nurse you all day, and if you are well enough at six I must let you go. An hour will not last always."

A sigh of relief escaped from Philip's breast. He thanked his wife with a kiss.

FOR HER SAKE.

A few moments before six o'clock that evening Philip Thurber entered the office of the T— Hotel. Advancing to the clerk's desk he glanced at the register of arrivals. He saw the name there for which he looked.

"Mrs. Catherine Davis and servant, No. 90."

"Please send my card to that lady," said he to the clerk.

Philip walked into the bar-room of the hotel, called for brandy and drank freely. Returning to the office a bell boy confronted him.

"The lady in No. 90 wishes you to come up to her rooms, sir," said the boy.

"Show me the way."

Up the winding stairs the pair proceeded. Philip suddenly caught a glimpse of his face, reflected in a mirror hanging upon the wall. He saw that his countenance was pale, and distorted with agony.

"This will not do," he muttered. "I know the way now," he added to the boy, turning away his face from him, "you need go no farther."

The boy looked curiously at him, but left him. Philip walked backward and forward through the hall for a few moments. Pausing before a light, he drew from his breast a miniature of his wife, and pressed it to his lips.

"It is for your sake, darling," he said. "It is for you. You shall be saved."

His face grew calm again; his composure returned. He replaced the portrait in his bosom, and advanced boldly to the door of No. 90.

His hand was upon the handle of the lock. He knew what awaited him upon the other side of that door. He knew that when he should again pass out of that door the stains of a terrible crime would be upon his soul.

But there was yet time to retreat. Should he go back?

A vision rose before him. He saw his home. He saw his wife preparing the feast that was to celebrate this anniversary of his wedding day. He saw her look anxiously at the clock, and count the minutes that must yet go by ere he returned. He saw her open the window, and lean out into the dark night, listening for his footsteps. He saw her eye brighten and her cheek glow as he came.

"It is for you that I do this," he again murmured. "The end must sanctify the means."

He turned the knob of the door. It opened. He entered the room, and the door closed behind him.

At that moment his wife, engaged in fact as he had imagined her to be, suddenly felt a sharp pain in her heart. She shivered, and her blood ran cold. She looked at the clock.

"It will be fifteen minutes more before Philip returns," said she, faintly.

ROOM NO. 90.

"It is twelve years since we parted, Philip. Do you find me changed?"

"You are only more beautiful than ever, Kate," he replied, almost wildly.

It would indeed be difficult to believe that she ever had been more beautiful than she was at that moment.

They sat upon the sofa together. His arm was around her waist—his cheek touched hers—her hand was clasped in his.

A woman of regal beauty. Voluptuous in form, with eyes of passion and tenderness; an oval face, shaded by hair of midnight blackness; cheeks mantling with rich and hot blood. A costume faultless in taste, and yet of dazzling splendor; jewels flashing upon her bosom, her arms, and her delicate fingers.

"I know that through all these weary years you were awaiting me," she said. "I know that through them all you have remained faithful to me. I have come at last to reward you."

"But tell me what has occurred," he replied. "Remember that as yet I know nothing. Remember that all this while I thought you dead."

"But still you were faithful to my memory. Is it not so?"

"Kate—"

"You need not tell me! Do not I know it? Do you fancy that I could doubt you? Have I not, daily and hourly, for twelve years past, repeated to myself the words you uttered when we last parted? 'They separate us now,' you said; 'but we will be united again. Love is omnipotent, and love will reunite us—'"

"And your husband!" asked Philip, his voice trembling as he spoke.

"He died a week ago. Do you not understand? His death has set me free to come to you."

"Ah!"

"Listen, Philip. I will make a very short story of what I have to say, for I am impatient of the past, and look only to the future. Ah! the future lies before us, a paradise!"

"My peerless Kate—"

"When, on that fatal night, our love was discovered, and we were separated, I confess it now, I was weak. I was young then, Philip, and the trammels of youth were still upon me. I fancied all was lost. They all told me so. Disgrace and shame stared me in the face. But disgrace and shame were nothing to me could I share them with you. Shared with you, shame would not be shame. 'Upon your brow shame is ashamed to sit.' I told them so. I said that all I cared for was your love—that all I asked was a life with you. Seeing this they tempted me with a lure I could not resist. They placed in my hands the issue of your life or death."

"I do not understand you."

"My husband had sat by in silence, listening to the mingled reproaches and entreaties of my mother and my brothers. Suddenly he rose. 'There has been too much of this,' he said, taking me by the hand, 'come with me.' And he led me to our chamber. 'Kate,' he said, 'you know me. That which I say I do. All that you have done I know. You have dishonored my bed, you have played the harlot with your lover. I never loved you. I hate you now. But I do love my own good name. Before high Heaven I swear you shall not shame it. Thus far the secret of your shame and mine is known only to these relatives of yours, and to your paramour. You love him, you affirm. Elect, then, whether he shall die or live. Resign him now and for ever—dismiss him in my presence—see him no more, and attempt to hold no communication of any kind with him, and live with me as my wife, in name, and he shall live. Refuse, and he shall die. Swear to do my will, or the blood of Thurber be upon your head.' I believed all he said; he gave me no time for deliberation; he demanded an instant decision. I could not resist. I yielded. You were summoned—you came—I pronounced

the words my husband had placed in my mouth—you heard them, but believed them not. How I blessed you in my heart for your constant faith. It inspired me with hope that I have cherished through all these weary years, and which is realized to-night. We parted. That same night my husband and myself left our home for England. On reaching New York he caused the notice of my death to be published, and contrived that you should see it. We sailed for England, and it is only a fortnight since that we returned. My husband was dying as we landed. He lingered for a few days, and then expired in my arms. He had been very kind to me during the last few years. He never reproached me. He once ventured to say that he had learned to love me. I kept my word faithfully. I made no attempt to communicate with you. I contrived to inform myself from time to time of the fact that you were still alive, and that was all. He learned to trust me. An hour before he died he placed in my hands his will, giving me all he possessed. It is yours now. It is not much, Phil, but it is enough to make us comfortable all our lives. I have only one more word to say. I have been warned that I am the subject of a disease that may kill me at any moment. It is incurable. I may live to be old—I may die to-night. Reflecting on this uncertainty, I sacrificed one day to make your wealth secure. I remained one day at home, after burying my husband, to execute a will giving you all that he left me. The paper is in my desk yonder. That is all. I have never ceased to love you, darling, and never doubted but that this happy day would come. It has come, and at last I am in peace."

And smiling in the face of Philip, she leaned toward him, drew his head downward, and kissed him.

"Yes, darling," she continued, passionately, "I am yours. Do with me as you will. I have ventured, through all these years, to dream of this ending of my grief, and beginning of my happiness. I have pictured myself as your wife. If it is in your heart to thus honor me you will fill my cup of happiness to the brim. If not, still I am content. I am yours, at least—yours, if only your servant. I know you love me: I know you have always loved me; I know that no other love has ever pushed me from your heart."

Philip seemed unable to speak. He threw his arms around her, strained her to his bosom, and passionately embraced her. Her face became radiant with happiness.

The clock struck seven.

Philip started from the sofa, and walked across the room.

At that moment his wife, again opening the window of her room, looked out into the thick darkness, and watched for his return.

THE MURDER.

"You have not dined?" inquired Mrs. Catherine Davis, an hour afterwards.

"No," said Philip, thinking as he spoke, with a keen sense of remorse, of his wife awaiting his return that she might eat with him.

"I have ordered dinner, and it awaits us in the next room. Let us dine together."

Her maid opened the door of communication with the adjoining apartment, and disclosed a table set for two persons.

The man and the woman sat down to eat together. There was wine upon the table, and Philip began to drink freely, urging his companion to do the same. She smilingly refused, saying that her physicians had warned her that the disease which threatened her would be aggravated by the use of stimulants.

"Life is so precious to me now," she added, "that I could not bear to die, except it were for your sake, Philip."

"Would you die for my sake?" he asked, with sudden vehemence.

"Can you doubt it?" she said. "If my death were wanting to make you happy I could not live."

Philip laughed and changed the subject.

The repast drew to an end. Philip ate nothing, but continued to drink freely. The dessert was placed upon the table. The waiters withdrew, and the two were left alone. The evening was rapidly wearing away. The agitation of Philip, which had been partially repressed, returned in full force. He grew pale, restless and nervous.

"You have a blind faith in me, have you not?" he suddenly asked.

"Not a blind faith, Philip. I know you, and trust you because I know you."

"You have not asked me of my life during these years of absence?"

"You shall tell it me hereafter. To-night I care not for the past. The happy present and the glorious future, opening before me like the Paradise of God, fill my heart."

"In all this time have you never feared that I might forget you, or yield to some other woman the heart that once was yours?"

"Never. I knew it could not be. You swore to love me always, and I knew that you would keep that oath. I had known you from a child; we were children together. The very essence of your being was Truth. I knew you were true to me, although you thought your love was buried in the grave."

"What if you had been deceived?"

"It is impossible."

"Yes, it is impossible, as you say; but what if it had been so?"

The face of the woman grew dark and lowering. Her lips, tightly pressed together, assumed an expression of anger that was terrible in one so beautiful. The veins in her forehead swelled; her hands convulsively closed together.

"Philip," she said, in a voice thick and choked, "had it been so, I would have pardoned you, but I would have killed the woman who stole you from me."

He shuddered at the tone of her voice, more than at her words. But almost instantly she recovered

her natural voice, and the cloud vanished from her face.

"Why do we torment ourselves with such fantasies?" she said, cheerily. "Let us be more wise. Would you like to have a record of every day of my life for the past twelve years? It will show you how every day I breathed your name in my prayers to Heaven, and besought the dawning of this day. I kept a little journal all this while, hidden from all eyes but my own. I pleased myself by thinking that some day I would place it in your hands. I will give it to you now."

She rose and left the room.

Philip drew from his pocket a little vial. It contained a few drops of a colorless fluid.

He took a peach from the table, pared it, and divided it. Upon one portion he emptied the contents of the vial.

As he replaced the empty vial in his pocket, the woman re-entered, and laid upon the table a packet of little books, tied together with ribbon.

"You shall take them with you when you leave me," she said. "Perhaps you will like to read them."

She reseated herself.

"My appetite has arrived at length," said Philip, eating half of the peach which he had prepared.

"That is delicious! Try it, Kate."

And he handed to her the half of the peach upon which he had emptied the contents of the vial.

She tasted it.

restored her to ease and comfort; it placed in her hands and in his the means of doing good.

But justice is eternal. Crime must be atoned. The punishment of his crime was deferred until he had passed from time to eternity.

He, his wife and his victim, whom he sacrificed to save his wife, sleep together in the same cemetery. Above his tomb the friends who mourned him placed a cenotaph, on which his rank, his titles and his good deeds are inscribed. His wife is buried with him, and the same stone records her name. At his side rises a slab of marble, placed there by his own hands, and marking the grave of the woman whom he murdered.

And so they sleep until the Judgment day.

[In our next number we shall publish our Eighth Prize Story, entitled, "MADELINE GRAIVE," illustrated by the best Artists.]

THE WITHERED VIOLET.

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless
pain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Though scent and azure tint are fled;
Oh, dry, mute lips! ye are the type
Of something in me cold and dead;

Of something wilted like thy leaves,
Of fragrance flown, of beauty gone;
Yet, for the love of those white hands
That found thee, April's earliest-born—

That found thee when thy dewy mouth
Was purpled as with stains of wine—
For love of her who love forgot,
I hold thy faded lips to mine!

That thou shouldst live when I am dead,
When hate is dead, for me, and wrong,
For this I use my subtlest art—
For this I fold thee in my song.

Where She Found Her Diamonds.

By Lizzie Campbell.

SOME six or eight weeks ago when Mr. Booth was playing Shylock one night to the delight of a large and enthusiastic audience, a scene was transpiring in one of the private boxes, of interest sufficient to draw occasional attention even from the merciless Jew. A woman of twenty-five, young, handsome and brilliant, accompanied by two gentlemen, were the sole occupants of the box. One of the gentlemen, seated to the right of the lady, appeared to be entirely absorbed in the development of the plot of the "Merchant of Venice," as it passed before him on the stage.

This man was singularly prepossessing in appearance, without being absolutely handsome. His face was fine and dark; his eyes brown, shaded by short, thick lashes. He wore no moustache, and the mouth thus entirely exposed was firm, decided, handsome, and with the sweetest possible expression of winning frankness and good humor. The hair was dark, slightly curling, and was carelessly thrown back from the face. He was dressed with taste and elegance, even fashionably so, but had nothing of the air of a coxcomb. He paid no attention more than courtesy demanded to his fair companion, who watched him keenly, and allowed no opportunity of attracting his notice to pass unheeded. As the curtain fell on the second act, she addressed him:

"You think Booth handsome, of course, Mr. Oswald?"

"Mr. Booth is a handsome man; his eyes are splendid, also, he is a fine actor, appreciative and artistic."

All this reply Mr. Oswald spoke as if in answer to his own thought, and not as addressing it to his interrogator.

She saw this, and bit her lips with vexation, impatiently rapping her unoffending little hand over the knuckles with her flashing fan.

"You don't agree with me, Miss Holland?" asked Oswald, looking at her.

"Of course I agree with you; I always agree with you in everything," she turned from him with a smothered sigh that was almost a moan, and met the eyes of the third party in the box glaring at her. Blue eyes they were, glaring now with a baleful green light—so they had watched her and Oswald all that evening; so they meant to watch her for ever, unless some wildly looked for change came that the maddened, jealous lover scarcely dared to hope for.

Mary Holland shuddered when she met that look. How she would have got out of it, whether she would have turned from him, hurt and indignant, I don't know, but on the instant the curtain was rung up, and for the time the Jew became the centre of all interest. The night waned.

Shylock demanded his pound of flesh—"I stand here upon my bond—I claim the law—shall I have it?" he said.

Just then Miss Holland's neglected lover stooped and picked up her bracelet. It was a magnificent diamond ornament, set in splendid gold. It had fallen from her right arm, and lay almost at Mr. Oswald's foot.

"Here is your bracelet, Mary, it dropped from your arm," and young Rowe tendered it toward her. He had known her a long time, had called her Mary for years, and loved her more madly every time he spoke the name.

"Thank you, Henry," and she jerked the bracelet rudely from him. Clasping it carelessly on her arm, she thought with fiercely wounded pride:

"Always that boy—always him! Why could not he have seen it? It fell at his feet—but it was mine—he saw it not—would not see me, if I, too, fell there, where God knows my heart has lain long enough."

The Jew was gone, the pitiless heart of that picture of revenge and avarice was crushed to the earth, and the curtain had fallen on the broken down old man. The theatre emptied rapidly; and Miss Holland, accompanied on either side by her cavaliers, issued forth with the rest. Mr. Oswald left them at the door of the theatre, and the proud, wounded beauty took her lover's arm with unconcealed reluctance and sullenness.

They proceeded for some distance in silence. Presently they were in the Avenue and near her splendid home.

Henry Rowe broke the silence.

"Are you angry with me, Mary?"

"Angry with you—for what?"

"I don't know, but you treat me cruelly. I can't stand it; you are killing me!"

"What can you possibly mean?"

"Oh, don't add hypocrisy to the rest! You understand me but too well. Yes," he added with sudden vehemence, ever since you have known that scoundrel Oswald —"

"Silence, if you please!"

"I repeat it, he is a scoundrel and a knave, and you will live to learn it—yes, your cheek will yet burn with shame that ever you were disgraced by an acquaintance with him. Gambler, blackleg—"

"How dare you, sir! Mr. Oswald is my friend, I would have you remember, and far beyond the attacks of jealous malice, thank Heaven!"

"Your friend! Ay, you love him—well," he ground his teeth with rage. "A little patience—time, a little time, may draw the veil from before your eyes, I trust."

Miss Holland deigned no reply, and presently they paused before her home.

"Good-night, and thank you," she said coldly.

"Don't leave me in anger, Mary; good-night."

He held out his hand, and after a moment she placed hers in it.

As he did so, she clutched at her wrist with a sudden exclamation:

"My bracelet—my bracelet! What have I done with it? Oh, it is lost!"

It was indeed. No gleaming diamond shone on that fair arm.

"And my watch! What shall I do—papa's gift, set with diamonds! It cost a thousand dollars; how shall I tell him—what shall I do? I have been robbed. I couldn't have lost the watch, it is broken from the chain! Go, Henry, I beg, leave advertisements with each of the morning papers, offer any reward, half their value. Oh, this is too bad! too bad!"

"I will go instantly. Good-bye! Say nothing about the loss; I can't despair of recovering them," and, leaving her in tears (who would not weep for the loss of fifteen hundred dollars worth of diamonds?) Henry Rowe hurried to execute her commands.

And it must be confessed he was glad of the mission on which he was bound, for a sudden, blinding light, as if shed from the diamonds themselves, had flashed upon him.

"Yes, she leaned on my right arm all the way from the theatre—from the box, even; and in the crowd at the door she took his arm with her right hand. The hair was dark, slightly curling, and was carelessly thrown back from the face. He was dressed with taste and elegance, even fashionably so, but had nothing of the air of a coxcomb.

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joy a break in one of the panes of glass, through which he contrived to push away the chintz, and so discovered clearly all that was taking place within.

The glittering bracelet and the jewelled watch already lay on the Jew's counter.

"I'm pressed for money, old Pinchbeck, or tortures wouldn't make me part with these jewels. They were my dear mother's. However, I dare not think of that—it unmans me. Name the sum you'll give for them and let me go before I lose the courage to sell them."

The Jew eyed the glittering stones greedily, then shaking his head slowly made an offer of four hundred dollars.

"Out, you old heathen! I have heard my dearest mother say they cost four times—five times the sum."

"Diamonds are cheap now."

"Oh, are they indeed! Well, old fox, say five hundred and the precious mementoes are yours."

After considerable haggling, Mr. Oswald carried his point. The old Jew paid out the money in greenback tens and twenties, then stretched out his hand for the diamonds. Another hand reached them first and clutched them tightly. The Jew glared, Oswald became deathly white and fell against the counter.

"Absorbed in conversation, you did not hear my entrance," Harry remarked, with a cold, quiet smile, as he secured the diamonds about him. "Thank my friendship for Miss Holland only, not my forbearance toward you, Mr. Oswald, that I don't assist you to the benefit of a few years' penal labor. Good-night!"

"Oh, father Israel! my diamonds! my monish, my monish, my diamonds!" the Jew shrieked wildly after Harry, who only answered with a triumphant laugh.

The old Jew seized Mr. Oswald by the throat, and half strangling him demanded his "monish." With an inarticulate curse Mr. Oswald dropped the bills he had held clutched in his right hand, and then flinging the Jew from him he left the place and was out in the street at a bound, where he cooled himself by a series of curses both loud and deep, and at last disconsolately betook himself to one of the low gambling saloons in the vicinity.

• • • • •
"You will forgive me, Mary, if I pain you by telling you the whole truth of this matter. Believe me I would not name the thief if I did not consider I owed it as a duty toward you."

"Harry Rowe—what? No—you don't mean—it's impossible—" and Miss Holland was very pale.

"It's true—for your sake I'm almost sorry now; but your friend, Mr. Oswald, was the thief."

His hearer's face, neck, shoulders were dyed with crimson, and hiding her face in her hands she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Oh, forgive me, Mary—dearest, dearest Mary!"

and Harry was kneeling at her feet, drawing her little white hands from the flushed and tear-wet face.

"Rather forgive me, Harry. Oh, what a fool I have been!"

Having become fully convinced of this fact, it was no very difficult task to persuade Miss Mary to be a wise woman; and, as a proof thereof, to bestow on her faithful lover the little hand he had been sedulously caressing for the last half hour.

OUR ARTIST'S TRIP INTO DIXIE.

We publish in the present number a most interesting series of sketches, illustrating a recent trip made by order of Gen. Banks to restore to their congenial circle a number of "registered enemies" of the Union—in other words, those who will not take the oath of allegiance. The correspondent of the New York *Times*, who accompanied our Special Artist, gives the following lively account of the journey:

"Entering the steam cars at Tivoli square, at nine A.M., the party was soon joined by several Union officers of Gen. Banks's staff. The car, as a matter of course, was crowded almost entirely by Secesh; ladies being in the proportion of about five to one of the other sex."

"After about half an hour's ride we arrived at Port Hickok, on the southern shore of Lake Pontchartrain, where the Lake House is situated, at the end of the famous shell road, the 'Bloomingdale' of New Orleans. The scene presented here was really very striking and beautiful. The day was bright and lovely; hundreds of people, a large proportion of them gaily-dressed ladies, had collected there, some to leave for Dixie, and others to say farewell to those who were going. The J. D. Brown was there, rolling out its thick volumes of smoke, and an immense array of carriages and vehicles of all sorts were congregated. In the balconies, on the bridge and in front of the large white spaces in front of the Lake House, the whole place was swarming.

"This was the second trip of the kind, and owing to its having been discovered that the first had been used as a means for smuggling goods into Secesh, the authorities had caused it to be published in the papers that everybody (ladies included) would undergo a rigid search. This caused no little flutter and excitement among the crinolines. They were ushered into a separate room, where ladies of high respectability were authorized to conduct the necessary investigation, and whence I saw many a pair of rosy lips emerge pouting dreadfully at the thought of having been obliged to prove whether her plump little figure owed all its sweetness to the gifts of nature, or to sundry packages of bitter quinine stuffed artfully about her, and whether, in that cunning little envelope so stealthily concealed in her bosom, the balls alluded to meant fancy balls or cannon balls. I heard some very angry comments made upon their searching 'even the stockings of children,' but this was very natural; for a vast amount of knowledge about infantry can be conveyed by a small slip of paper in the baby's stocking."

"When we had all got on board the J. D. Brown, at about ten A.M., and she began to move off, the scene really picturesquely and exciting beyond description. Such a waving of handkerchiefs, red and white scarfs and other Secesh emblems. Such adieux and kissing of hands I never saw before; it could not have been more had we been going to cross the Atlantic, instead of two or three hours' ride across Lake Pontchartrain. Still one remembered that, short as the distance was, they were going to where (ostensibly at least) they would be as much separated from friends as though in a distant and foreign land. I saw some few weeping on the shore, but the general feeling, both on board and on land, was one wild, open, defiant outburst of disloyalty, in which no cheek whatever was put upon expressions for the rebel Government, though in the hearing of our own officers. I must, however, add, that these expressions were

confined to the female part of the crowd, the men merely waving hands, but saying nothing, whatever they thought.

"We steered due north, right across Lake Pontchartrain, and entering the small Chefuncte river or bayou, got up to the little village called Madisonville about noon. Here we saw the Stars and Bars flying, and the place in command of Lieut. M. Cassett. Madisonville is very picturesque, the shore being covered with fine live oak trees, whose enormous gnarled trunks and twisted roots look as if they have been defying the storms of centuries.

"The enthusiasm and excitement of friends and relatives meeting were, of course, only a counterpart of what we had just seen at starting. We went ashore, but did not remain more than an hour. There was little information of any value to be obtained, beyond the fact that they corroborated the rumor we had heard in New Orleans respecting Vicksburg, and that they were suffering much for many of the necessities of life. Still, on the surface, there was no outward show of wretchedness. The exhibition of Secession feeling here was even more rampant than at our point of departure."

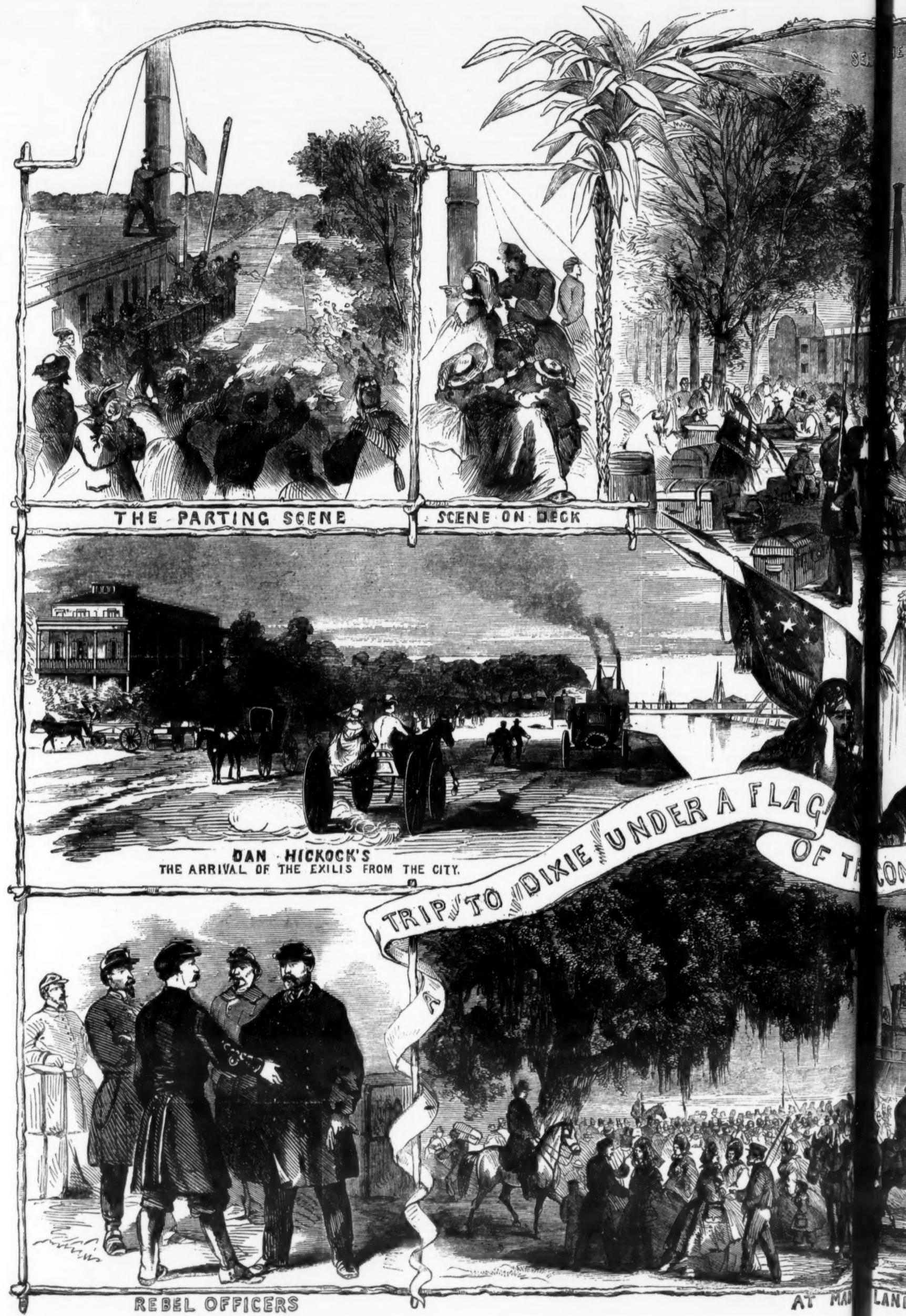
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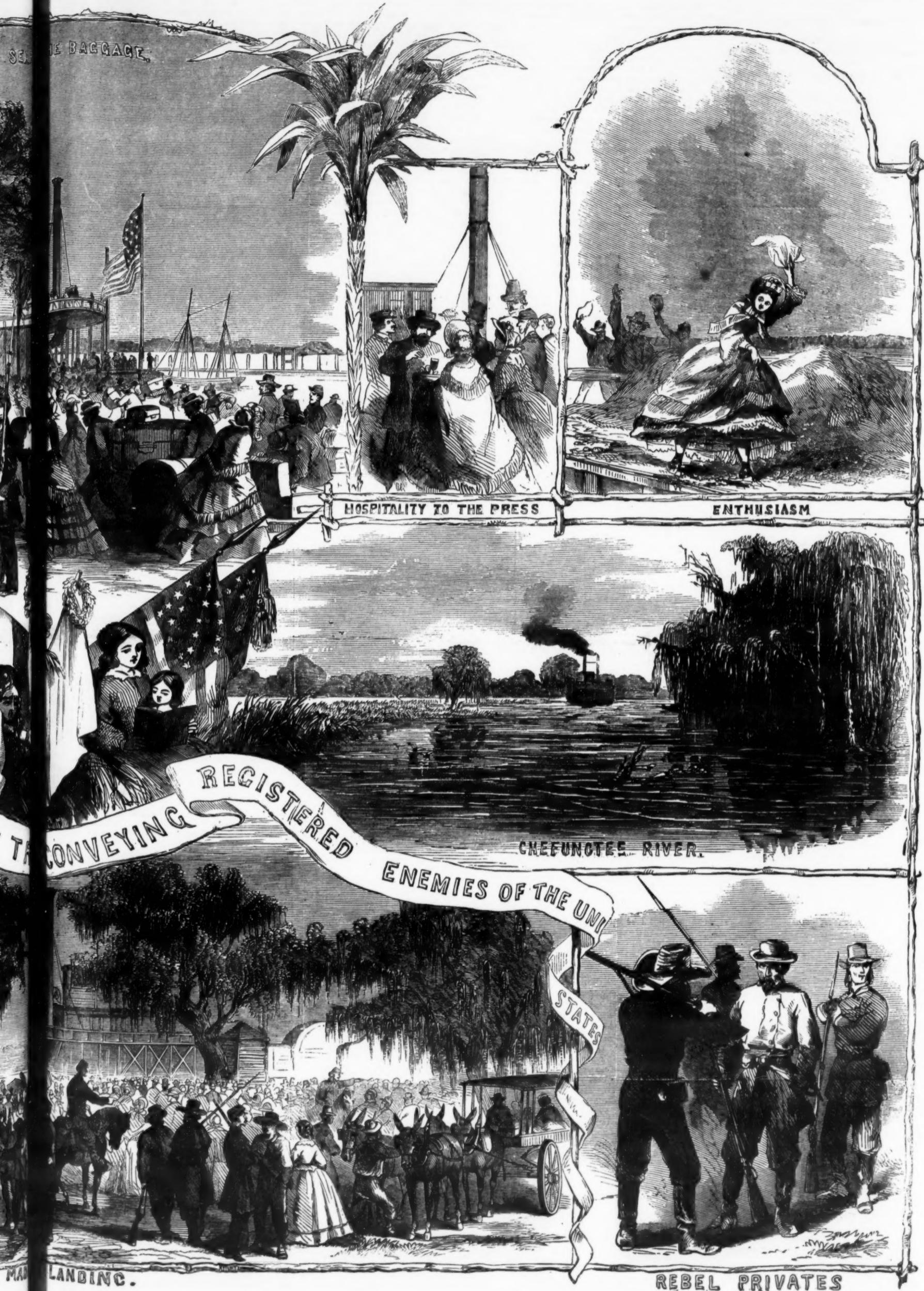
THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD. Philadelphia, Geo. W. Childs; London, N. Trubner & Co.; Paris, Hector Bottange. Square 12mo, 700 pp.

Mr. Childs is famous for the admirable books he publishes; two of his latest are especially valuable, "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors" and the work now before us. "The National Almanac and Annual Record" is certainly the very best work ever published of the kind, being a complete citizen's manual and record of the past year, comprehending everything necessary to be known.

Should the reader wish to inquire into the value of a foreign coin, or the bank circulation of any State, or the amount of cotton produced, or the pay of an officer of the navy, or the emoluments of an officer of the army, or the National tax on any article, or the duty on any imported goods, or the population of any place, or the value of our imports, or the details of our exports, or the condition of our finances, or the apportionment of members of Congress, or the number of ships in the navy, or the commerce and industry of the United States, or the rise and fall of the tides, or the tonnage of any railroad, or the strength of any religious denomination, or any similar question, all such information is at hand in the "National Almanac."

If he wishes to know what laws have been passed, or who are the Generals in our army, or who are the officers in our navy, or who are the Senators from Ohio, or who are Representatives from New Jersey, or who is the rebel War Secretary, or who make up the rebel Congress, or the Government of any foreign country, or the date and particulars of any event of the great rebellion—all that, and a thousandfold more, he will find in his "National Almanac."





LOVE.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

SHE never told me, but a glad oasis
Once softly shimmered through her desert's
sand,
With tall palms standing at the fountain's
places,
And cooled by breezes that were sweet and
bland.

She was a pilgrim to the Mecca wooling,
Love-soul, like hers, to tenderest pil-
grimage,
A fair enthusiast, thus devoutly doing,
To test her powers by love's widest
gauge.

But as she journeyed, womanlike uplifting
All of her glances, in belief entire,
A great sirocco, the hot sands treacherous
shifting,
Made waste the altar and the sacred fire.
Sand in the fountains where sweet waters
bubbled,
Sand where the blossoms were as angels'
wings,
A soul's faith lost, and all its clear depths
troubled
By doubts that tortured as unhallowed
things.

What cries of anguish she sent fast, and
faster,
To God for succor, who may ever know!
We know she lived, saved from her great
disaster,
But scarred for ever by the dreadful blow.

Ah! woman, I may weep when hurrying
chances
Show me the wounds you cover in your
breast,
And kneel as to a martyr, dropping pitying
glances,
As balm for hurts you suffer unconfessed.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

SUDDENLY John Massingbird heard that he had been left heir to Verner's Pride. He had gone down to Melbourne, and some new arrival from England—from the county in which Verner's Pride was situated—mentioned this in his hearing. The stranger was telling the tale of the unaccountable will of Mr. Verner, of the death of John and Frederick Massingbird, and of the consequent accession of Lionel Verner; telling it as a curious bit of home gossip, unconscious that one of his listeners was the first-named heir—the veritable John Massingbird.

Too much given to act upon impulse, giving himself no time to ascertain or to inquire whether the story might be correct or not, John Massingbird took a berth in the first ship advertised for home. He possessed very little more money than would pay for his passage; he gave himself no concern how he was to get back to Australia, or how exist in England, should the news prove incorrect, but started away off-hand. Providing for the future had never been made a concern by John Massingbird.

He sailed, and he arrived safely. But, once in England, it was necessary to proceed rather cautiously; and John, careless and reckless as he was, could not ignore the expediency of so acting. There were certain reasons why it would not be altogether prudent to show himself in the neighborhood of Verner's Pride, unless his pocket were weighty enough to satisfy sundry claims which would inevitably flock in upon him. Were he sure that he was the legitimate master of Verner's Pride he would have driven up in a coach-and-six, with flying flags and streamers to the horses' heads, and so have announced his arrival in triumph. Not being sure, he preferred to feel his way, and this could not be done by arriving openly.

There was one place where he knew he could count upon being sheltered, while the way was "felt." And this was Giles Roy's. Roy would be true to him, would conceal him if need was, and help him off again, did Verner's Pride for him prove a myth. This thought John Massingbird put in practice, arriving one dark night at Roy's, and nearly startling Mrs. Roy to death. Whatever fanciful ghosts the woman may have seen before, she never doubted that she saw a real ghost now.

His first question, naturally, was about the will. Roy told him it was perfectly true that a will had been made in his favor; but the will had been superseded by a codicil. And he related the circumstance of that codicil's mysterious loss. Was it found? John eagerly asked. Ah! there Roy could not answer him; he was at a nonplus; he was unable to say whether the codicil had been found, or not. A rumor had gone about Deerham, some time subsequently to the loss, that it had been found, but Roy had never come to the rights of it. John Massingbird stared as he heard him say this. Then, couldn't he tell whether he was the heir or not? whether Lionel Verner held it by established right or by wrong? he asked. And Roy shook his head—he could not.

Under these uncertainties, Mr. John Massingbird did not see his way particularly clear. Either to stop or to go. If he stopped, and showed himself, he might be unpleasantly assured, that the true heir of Verner's Pride inhabited Verner's Pride; if he went back to Australia, the no less

mortifying fact might come out afterwards, that he was the heir to Verner's Pride, and had run away from his own.

What was to be done? Roy suggested perhaps the best plan that could be thought of—that Mr. Massingbird should remain in his cottage in concealment while he, Roy, endeavored to ascertain the truth regarding the codicil. And John Massingbird was fain to adopt it. He took up his abode in the upper bedroom, which had been Luke's, and Mrs. Roy, locking her front door, carried his meals up to him by day, Roy setting himself to ferret out—as you may recollect—all he could learn about the codicil. The "all" was not much. Ordinary gossipers knew no more than Roy, whether the codicil had been found or not; and Roy tried to pump Matiss, by whom he got baffled—he even tried to pump Mr. Verner. He went up to Verner's Pride, ostensibly to ask whether he might paper Luke's old room at his own cost. In point of fact, the paper was in a dilapidated state, and he did wish to put it decent for John Massingbird; but he could have done it without speaking to Mr. Verner. It was a great point with Roy to find favor in the sight of Mr. Massingbird, his possible future master. Lionel partially saw through the man; he believed that he had some covert motive in seeking the interview with him, and that Roy was trying to pry into his affairs. But Roy found himself baffled also by Mr. Verner, as he had been by Matiss, in so far as that he could learn nothing certain of the existence or non-existence of the codicil.

Two days of the condemned confinement were sufficient to tire out John Massingbird. To a man of active, restless temperament, who had lived almost day and night under the open skies, the being shut up in a small, close room was well-nigh unbearable. He could not stamp on its floor (there was no space to walk on it), lest any intrusive neighbor below, who might have popped in, unwanted, should say, Who have you got up aloft? He could not open the window and put his head out to catch a breath of fresh air, lest prying eyes might be cast upon him.

"I can't stand this," he said to Roy. "A week of it would kill me. I shall go out at night."

Roy opposed the resolve so far as he dared—leaving an eye always to the not displeasing his future master. He represented to John Massingbird that he would inevitably be seen; and that he might just as well be seen by day as by night. John would not listen to reason. That very night, as soon as dark came on, he went out, and was seen. Seen by Robin Frost.

Robin Frost, whatever superstitions or fond feelings he may have cherished, regarding the hoped-for reappearance of Rachel's spirit, was no believer in ghosts in a general point of view. In fact, that it was John Massingbird's ghost never once entered Robin's mind. He came at once to the more sensible conclusion that some error had occurred with regard to his reported death, and that it was John Massingbird himself.

His deadly enemy. The only one, of all the human beings upon earth, with whom Robin was at issue. For he believed that it was John Massingbird who had worked the ill to Rachel. Robin, in his blind vengeance, took to lying in wait with a gun; and Roy became cognizant of this.

"You must not go out again, sir," he said to John Massingbird; "he may shoot you dead."

Curious, perhaps, to say, John Massingbird had himself come to the same conclusion—that he must not go out again. He had very narrowly escaped meeting one, who would assuredly have known him, in the full moonlight, as did Robin Frost; one, whom it would have been nearly as inconvenient to meet as it was Robin. And yet—stop in perpetual confinement by day and by night, he could not; he persisted that he should be dead. Almost better go back, unsatisfied, to Australia.

A bright idea occurred to John Massingbird. He would personate his brother. Frederick, so far as he knew, had neither creditors nor enemies round Deerham; and the likeness between them was so great, both in face and form, that there would be little difficulty in it. When they were at home together, John had been the stouter of the two; but his wanderings had fined him down, and his figure now looked exactly as Frederick's did formerly. He shaved off his whiskers—Frederick had never worn any; or, for the matter of that, had had any to wear—and painted an imitation star on his cheek with Indian ink. His hair, too, had grown long on the voyage, and had not yet been cut; just as Frederick used to wear his. John had favored a short crop of hair; Frederick, long.

These little toilette mysteries accomplished, so exactly did he look like his brother Frederick, that Roy started when he saw him; and Mrs. Roy went into a prolonged scream that might have been heard at the brick-fields. John attired himself in a long, loose dark coat, which had seen service at the diggings, and sallied out; the coat which had been mistaken for a riding habit.

He enjoyed himself to his heart's content, receiving more fun than he bargained for. It had not occurred to him to personate Frederick's ghost! he had only thought of personating Frederick himself; but, to his unbounded satisfaction, he found the former climax arrived at. He met old Matthew Frost; he frightened Dan Duff into fits; he frightened Master Cheese; he startled the parson; he solaced himself by taking up his station under the yew tree on the lawn at Verner's Pride, to contemplate that desirable structure, which perhaps was his, and the gaity going on in it. He had distinctly seen Lionel Verner leave the lighted rooms and approach him, upon which he retreated. Afterwards, it was rather a favorite night pastime of his, the standing under the yew tree at Verner's Pride. He was there again the night of the storm.

All this, the terrifying people into the belief that he was Frederick's veritable ghost, had been choice sport to John Massingbird. The trick might not have availed with Robin Frost, but they had

found a different method of silencing him. Of an easy, good-tempered nature, the thought of any real damage from consequences had been completely passed over by John. If Dan Duff did go into fits he'd recover from them; if Alice Hook was startled into something worse, she was not dead. It was all sport to free-and-easy John; and but for circumstances, there's no knowing how long he might have carried this game on. These circumstances touched upon a point that influenced us all, more or less—pecuniary consideration. John was minus funds, and it was necessary that something should be done; he could not continue to live long upon Roy.

It was Roy himself who at length hit upon the plan that brought forth the certainty about the codicil. Roy found rumors were gaining ground that it was not Frederick Massingbird's ghost, but Frederick himself, and he knew that the explanation must soon come. He determined to waylay Tynn and make an apparent confidant of him. By these means he should, in all probability, come at the desired information. Roy did so, and found that there was no codicil. He carried his news to John Massingbird, advising that gentleman to go at once and put in his claim to Verner's Pride. John, elated with the news, protested he'd have one more night's fun first.

Such were the facts. John Massingbird told them to Jan, suppressing any little bit that he chose, here and there. The doubt about the codicil, for instance, and its moving motive in the affair, he did not mention.

"It has been the best fun I ever had in my life," he remarked. "I never shall forget the parson's amazed stare the first time I passed him, or old Tynn's either, last night. Jan, you should have heard Dan Duff howl!"

"I have," said Jan. "I have had the pleasure of attending him. My only wonder is that he did not put himself in the pool in his fright, as Rachel Frost did, time back."

John Massingbird caught the words up hastily.

"How do you know that Rachel put herself in? She may have been put in."

"For all I know she may. Taking circumstances into consideration, however, I should say it was the other way."

"I say, Jan," interrupted John Massingbird, with another explosion, "didn't your Achates, Cheese, arrive at home in a mortal fright one night?"

Jan nodded.

"I shall never forget him—never. He was marching up, all bravely, till he saw my face. Didn't he turn tail! There has been one person, above all others, Jan, that I have wanted to meet, and have not. Your brother Lionel!"

"He'd have pinned you," said Jan.

"Not he. You would not have done it to-night, but that I let you do it. No chance of anybody catching me, unless I chose. I was on the lookout for all I met, for all to whom I chose to show myself. They met me unawares. Unprepared for the encounter, while they were recovering their astonishment, I was beyond their reach. Last night, I had been watching over the gate ever so long, when I darted out in front of Tynn, to astonish him. Jan," lowering his voice, "has it put Sibylla in a fright?"

"I think it has put Lionel in a worse," responded Jan.

"For fear of losing her?" laughed John Massingbird. "Wouldn't it have been a charming prospect for some husbands, who are tired of their wives? Is Lionel tired of his?"

"Can't say," replied Jan. "There's no appearance of it."

"I should be, if Sibylla had been my wife for two years," candidly avowed John Massingbird. "Sibylla and I never hit it well as cousins. I'd not own her as wife if she were dowered with all the gold mines in Australia. What Fred saw in her was always a puzzle to me. I knew what was going on between them, though nobody else did. But, Jan, I'll tell you what astonished me more than everything else when I learnt it, that Lionel should have married her subsequently. I never could have imagined Lionel Verner taking up with another man's wife."

"She was his widow," cried literal Jan.

"All the same. 'Twas another man's leavings. And there's something about Lionel Verner, with his sensitive refinement, that does not seem to accord with the notion. Is she healthy?"

"Who? Sibylla? I don't fancy she has much of a constitution."

"No, that she has not! There are no children, I hear. Jan, though you need not have pinched so hard when you pounced upon me," he continued, rubbing his arm. "I was not going to run away."

"How did I know that?" said Jan.

"It's my last night of fun, and when I saw you I said to myself, 'I'll be caught.' How are old Deb and Amilly?"

"Much as usual. Deb's in a fever just now. She has heard that Fred Massingbird's back, and thinks Sibylla ought to leave Lionel on the strength of it."

John laughed again.

"It must have put others in a fever, I know, besides poor old Deb. Jan, I can't stop talking to you all night, I should get no more fun. I wish I could appear to all Deerham collectively, and send it into fits after Dan Duff! To-morrow, as soon as I gently can after breakfast, I go up to Verner's Pride and show myself. One can't go at six in the morning."

He turned off in the direction of Clay Lane as he spoke, and Jan made the best of his way to Verner's Pride. From some cause or other, he had dined unusually late there, and Lionel Verner was with his guests, making merry with the best heart he had. Now he would rely upon the information given by Captain Cannonby; the next moment he was feeling that the combined testimony of so many eye-witnesses must be believed, and that it could be no other than Frederick Mass-

singbird. Tynn had been with the man face to face only the previous night; Roy had distinctly asserted that he was back, in life, from Australia. Whatever his anxiety may have been, his wife seemed at rest. Full of smiles and gaiety, she sat opposite to him, glittering gems in her golden hair, shining forth from her costly robes.

"Not out from dinner!" cried Jan, in his astonishment, when Tynn denied him to Lionel. "Why, it's my supper-time! I must see him, whether he's at dinner or not. Go and say so, Tynn. Something important, tell him."

The message brought Lionel out. Thankful, probably, to get out. The playing the host with a mind ill at ease, how it jars upon the troubled and fainting spirit! Jan, disdaining the invitation to the drawing-room, had hoisted himself on the top of an old carved ebony cabinet that stood in the hall, containing curiosities, and sat there with his legs dangling. He jumped off when Lionel appeared, wound his arm within his, and drew him out on the terrace.

"I have come to the bottom of it, Lionel," said he, without further circumlocution. "I dropped upon the ghost just now and pinned him. It is not Fred Massingbird."

Lionel paused, and then drew a deep breath; one who has been relieved from some great care.

"Cannonby said it was not," he exclaimed. "Cannonby is here, Jan, and he assures me Frederick Massingbird is dead and buried. Who is it then? Have you found it out?"

"I pinned him, I say," said Jan. "I was going down to Hook's and he crossed my path. He—"

"It is somebody who has been doing it for a trick," interrupted Lionel.

"Well—yes—in one sense. It is not Fred Massingbird, Lionel; he is dead, safe enough; but it is somebody from a distance; one who will cause you little less trouble. Not any less, in fact, putting Sibylla out of the question."

Lionel stopped in his walk—they were pacing the terrace—and looked at Jan with some surprise; a smile, in his new security, lighting his face.

"There is nobody in the world, Jan, dead or alive, who could bring trouble to me, save Frederick Massingbird. Anybody else may come, so long as he does not."

"Ah! You are thinking only of Sibylla."

"Of whom else should I think?"

"Of yourself," replied Jan.

Lionel laughed in his gladness. How thankful he was for his wife's sake One alone knew.

"I am nobody, Jan; any trouble coming to me I can battle with."

"Well, Lionel, the returned man is John Massingbird."

"John—Mass—ing—bird!"

Of all the birds in the air and the fishes in the sea—as the children say—he was the very last to whom Lionel Verner had cast a thought. That it was John who had returned had not entered his imagination. He had never cast a doubt to the fact of his death. Bringing the name out slowly, he stared at Jan in very astonishment.

"Well," said he presently, "John is not Frederick."

"No," assented Jan. "He can put in no claim to your wife; but he can to Verner's Pride."

The words caused Lionel's heart to go on with a bound. A great evil for him—there was no doubt of it—but still slight, compared to the one he had dreaded for Sibylla.

"There is no mistake, I suppose, Jan?"

"There's no mistake," replied Jan. "I have been talking to him this half hour. He is hiding at Roy's."

"Why should he be in hiding at all?" inquired Lionel.

"He had two or three motives, he said;" and Jan proceeded to give Lionel a summary of what he had heard. "He was not very explicit to me," concluded Jan. "Perhaps he'll be more so to you. He says he is coming to Verner's Pride to-morrow morning at the earliest gentle hour after breakfast."

"And what does he say to the fright he has caused?" resumed Lionel.

"Does nothing but laugh over it. Says it's the primest fun he ever had in his life. He has come back very poor, Lionel."

"Poor! Then, were Verner's Pride and its revenues not his, I could have understood why he should not like to show himself openly. Well! well! compared to what I feared, it is a mercy. Sibylla is free, and I—I must make the best of it. He will be a more generous master of Verner's Pride—as I believe—than Frederick would ever have been."

"Yes," nodded Jan; "in spite of his faults. And John Massingbird used to have plenty."

"I don't know who amongst us is without them, Jan. Unless—upon my word, old fellow, I mean it!—unless it is you."

Honest Jan! His notions of "living quietly" would have comprised a couple of modest rooms, cotton umbrellas like his own, and a mutton chop a day. And Jan would have gone without the chop himself to give it to Lionel—to Sibylla also. Not that he had any great love for that lady, in the abstract; but for Jan to eat chops, while anybody, no matter how remotely connected with him, wanted them, would have been completely out of Jan's nature.

A lump was rising in Lionel's throat. He loved Jan, and knew his worth, if nobody else did. While he was swallowing it down, Jan went on, quite eagerly.

"Something else might be thought of, Lionel. I don't see why you and Sibylla should not come to old West's. The house is large enough, and Deb and Amilly couldn't object to it for their sister. In point of right, half the house is mine; West said so when I became his partner. He asked if I'd not like to marry, and said there was the half of the house; but I told him I'd rather be excused. I might get a wife, you know, Lionel, who'd be for grumbling at me all day, like my mother does. Now, if you and Sibylla would come there, the matter, as to your future, would be at rest. I'd divide what I get between you and Miss Deb. Half to her for the extra cost you'd be to the housekeeping; the other half for pocket-money for you and Sibylla. I think you might make it do, Lionel; my share is quite two hundred a-year. My own share, I mean; besides what I hand over to Miss Deb, and transmit to the doctor. Could you manage with it?"

"Jan!" said Lionel, from between his quivering lips. "Dear Jan, there's—"

They were interrupted. Bounding out at the drawing-room window, the very window at which Lucy Tempest had sat that night and watched the yew tree, came Sibylla, fretfulness in the lines of her countenance, complaint in the tones of her voice.

"Mr. Jan Verner, I'd like to know what right you have to send for Lionel out when he is at dinner? If he is your brother, you have no business to forget yourself like that. He can't help your being his brother, I suppose; but you ought to know better than to presume upon it."

"Sibylla!—"

"Be quiet, Lionel. I shall tell him of it. Never was such a thing heard of, as for a gentleman to be called out for nothing from his table's head! You do it again, Jan, and I shall order Tynn to shut the doors to you of Verner's Pride."

Jan received the lecture with the utmost equanimity and the most imperturbable goodnature. Lionel wound his arms about his wife, gravely and gently; whatever may have been the pain caused by her words, he suppressed it.

"Jan came here to tell me news that quite justified his sending for me, wherever I might be, or however occupied, Sibylla. He has succeeded in solving to-night the mystery which has hung over us; he has discovered who it is that we have been taking for Frederick Massingbird."

"It is not Frederick Massingbird," cried Sibylla, speaking sharply. "Captain Cannonby says that it cannot be."

"No, it is not Frederick Massingbird—God be thanked!" said Lionel. "With that knowledge we can afford to hear who it is bravely; can we not Sibylla?"

"But why don't you tell me who it is?" she retorted, in an impatient, fretful tone, not having the discernment to see that he wished to prepare her for what was coming. "Can't you speak, Jan, if he won't? People have no right to come dressed up in other's clothes and faces to frighten us to death. He ought to be transported! Who is it?"

"You'll be startled, Sibylla. It is one whom we have believed to be dead; though it is not Frederick Massingbird."

"I wish you'd tell—beating about the bush like that! You need not stare so, Jan. I don't believe you know."

"It is your cousin, Sibylla; John Massingbird."

"A moment's pause. And then, clutching at the hand of Lionel—

"Who?" she shrieked.

"Hush, my dear. It is John Massingbird."

"Not dead! Did he not die?"

"No. He recovered, when left, as was supposed, for dead. He is coming here to-morrow morning, Jan says."

Sibylla let fall her hands. She staggered back to a pillar and leaned against it, her upturned face white in the starlight.

"Is—is—is, Verner's Pride yours or his?" she gasped, in a low tone.

"It is his."

"His! Neither yours nor mine?"

"It is only his, Sibylla."

She raised her hands again; she began fighting with the air, as if she would beat off an imaginary John Massingbird. Another minute, and her laughter and her cries came forth together, shriek upon shriek; she was in strong hysterics. Lionel supported her, while Jan ran for water; and the gay company came flocking out of the lighted rooms to see.

Lionel had a terrible time of it with Sibylla, to get rid of Benoite, but he was firm, despite his wife's expressed determination never to part with her French maid.

The moment of leaving Verner's Pride had come, and Lionel had asked John Massingbird's permission to order the close carriage to convey himself and wife to Deerham Court, henceforth to be their home.

"Fare you well, John Massingbird," said Sibylla.

"Going?" said John, coolly turning round.

"Good-day."

"And let me tell you, John Massingbird," con-

tinued Sibylla, "that if ever you had got turned out of your home, as you have turned us, you would know what it was."

"Bless you! I've never had anything of my own to be turned out of except a tent," said John, with a laugh.

"It is to be hoped that you may, then, some time, and that you will be turned out of it! That's my best wish for you, John Massingbird."

"I'd recommend you to be polite, young lady," returned John, good-humoredly. "If I sue your husband for back rents you'd not be quite so independent, I calculate."

"Back rents!" repeated she.

"Back rents," assented John. "But we'll leave that discussion to another time. Don't you be saucy, Sibylla."

"John," said Lionel, pointing to the papers, "are you aware that some valuable leases and other agreements are amongst those papers? You might get into inextricable confusion with your tenants were you to mislay or lose them."

"They are safe enough," said careless John, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

"I wish you had allowed me to put things in order for you. You will be wanting me to do it later."

"Not a bit of it," said John Massingbird. "I am not going to upset my equanimity with leases, and bothers of that sort. Good-bye, old fellow. Lionel!"

Lionel turned round. He had been going out.

"We part friends, don't we?"

"I can answer for myself," said Lionel, a frank smile rising to his lips. "It would be unjust to blame you for taking what you have a right to take."

"All right. Then, Lionel, you'll come and see me here."

"Sometimes. Yes."

They went out to the carriage, Lionel conducting his wife, and John in attendance, smoking his short pipe.

They rode on in silence till the carriage stopped at the Court.

Decima had hastened forward to welcome Sibylla. Decima was one who, in her quiet way, was always trying to make the best of surrounding circumstances—not for herself, but for others. Let things be ever so dark, she would contrive to extract out of them some little ray of brightness. Opposite as they were in person, in disposition she and Jan were true brother and sister. She came forward to the door, a glad smile upon her face, and dressed rather more than usual: it was one of her ways, the unwonted dress, of showing welcome and consideration to Sibylla.

"You are late, Mrs. Verner," she said, taking her cordially by the hand. "We have been expecting you some time. Catherine, Therese, see to these packages."

Lady Verner had actually come out also. She was too essentially the lady to show anything but strict courtesy to Sibylla, now that she was about to become an inmate under her roof. What the effort cost her she best knew. It was no light one, and Lionel felt that it was not. She stood in the hall, just outside the door of the anteroom, and took Sibylla's hand as she approached.

"I am happy to see you, Mrs. Verner," she said, with stately courtesy. "I hope you will make yourself at home."

They all went together into the drawing-room, in a crowd, as it were. Lucy was there, dressed also. She came up with a smile on her young and charming face, and welcomed Sibylla.

"It is nearly dinner-time," said Decima to Sibylla; "let me show you to your rooms."

Dinner passed off with only the trifling episode of Sibylla laying down her knife and fork, and bursting into tears, with the exclamation,

"I never did like John Massingbird. Since one was to come back, I wish it had been Fred!"

Lionel looked at her silence, while Jan only said to her,

"Eat your dinner!"

Nearly a month had rolled on, Lionel resolving every day to make a journey to London, to see what could be done to put him in the way of earning a competence.

One day he had walked down to Jan's surgery, and was talking to Jan, when they were interrupted by the entrance of John Massingbird and his pipe. John appeared to find the time hang rather heavily on his hands; he could not say that work was the business of his life. He might be seen lounging about Deerham at all hours of the day and night, smoking and gossiping. Jan often got honored with a visit. Mr. Massingbird of Verner's Pride was not a whit altered from Mr. Massingbird of nowhere; John favored the taprooms like he had used to do.

"The very man I wanted to see!" cried he, giving Lionel a hearty slap on the shoulder. "I want to talk to you a bit on matter of business. Will you come up to Verner's Pride?"

"When?" asked Lionel.

"This evening. Come to dinner. Only our two selves."

"Very well," replied Lionel.

They bid each other good-day—Lionel returning to Deerham Court, while John remained to have a short talk with Jan.

Lionel Verner was seated in the dining-room at Verner's Pride. Not its master. Its master, John Massingbird, was there, opposite to Lionel. They had just dined, and John was filling his short pipe as an accompaniment to his wine. During dinner he had been regaling Lionel with choice anecdotes of his Australian life, laughing over; but not a syllable had he broached yet about the "business" he had put forth as the plea for the invitation to Lionel to come. The anecdotes did not raise the social features of that far-off colony in Mr. Verner's

estimation. But he laughed with John—laughed as merrily as his heavy heart would allow him.

It was quite a wintry day, telling of coming winter. The skies were leaden gray; the dead leaves rustled on the paths; and the sighing wind swept through the trees with a mournful sound. Void of brightness, of hope, it all looked, like Lionel Verner's fortunes. But a few short weeks ago he had been in John Massingbird's place, in the very chair that he now sat in, looking never to be removed from it during life. And now, what a change!

"Why don't you smoke, Lionel?" asked John, setting light to his pipe by the readiest way, that of thrusting it between the bars of the grate. "You did not care to smoke in the old days, I remember."

"I never cared for it," replied Lionel.

"I can tell you that you would have cared for it, had been you knocked about as I have. Tobacco's meat and drink to a fellow at the Diggings, as it is to a sailor and a soldier."

"Not to all soldiers," observed Lionel. "My father never smoked an ounce of tobacco in his life, I have heard them say; and he saw some service."

"Every man to his liking," returned John Massingbird. "Folks preach about tobacco being an acquired taste; it's all bosh! Babies come into the world with a liking for it, I know. Talking about your father, would you like to have that portrait of him that hangs in the large drawing-room? You can if you like. I'm sure you have more right to it than I."

"Thank you," replied Lionel. "I should very much like it, if you will give it me."

"What a fastidious chap you are, Lionel!" cried John Massingbird, puffing vigorously; for the pipe was turning refractory, and would not keep alight. "There are lots of things you have left behind you here that I, in your place, should have marched off without asking."

"The things are yours. That portrait of my father belonged to my uncle Stephen, and he made no exception in its favor when he willed Verner's Pride and all it contained away from me. In point of legal right I was at liberty to touch nothing beyond my personal effects."

"Liberty be hanged!" responded John. "You are over fastidious—always were. Your father was the same, I know; can see it in his likeness. I should say, by the looks of that, he was too much of a gentleman for a soldier."

Lionel smiled.

"Some of our soldiers are the most refined gentlemen on the world's soil."

"I can't tell how they retain their refinement, then, amid the rough and ready of camp life. I know I lost all I had at the diggings."

Lionel laughed outright at the notion of John Massingbird's losing his refinement at the diggings. He never had any to lose. John joined in the laugh.

"Lionel, old boy, do you know I always liked you, with all your refinement, and it's a quality that never found great favor with me. I liked you better than I liked poor Fred; and that's the truth."

Lionel made no reply, and John Massingbird smoked for a few minutes in silence. Presently he began again.

"I say, what made you go and marry Sibylla?"

Lionel lifted his eyes. But John Massingbird resumed before he had time to speak.

"She's not worth a button. Now you need not fly out, old chap. I am not passing my opinion on your wife—wouldn't presume to do such a thing—but on my cousin. Surely I may find fault with my cousin, if I like! Why did you marry her?"

"Why does everybody else marry?" returned Lionel.

"But why did you marry her? A sickly, fractious thing! I saw enough of her in the old days. There; be quiet! I have done. If it hadn't been for her, I'd have asked you to come here to your old home; you and I should jog along together first-rate. But Sibylla bars it. She may be a model of a wife, I don't insinuate to the contrary, take you note, Mr. Verner; but she's not exactly a model of temper, and Verner's Pride wouldn't be big enough to hold her and me. Would you have taken up your abode with me had you been a free man?"

"I cannot tell," replied Lionel. "It is a question that cannot arise now."

"No. Sibylla stops it. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"That I cannot tell. I should like an appointment abroad if I could get one. I did think of going to London, and looking about me a bit; but I am not sure that I shall do so just yet."

"I say, Lionel," resumed John Massingbird, sinking his voice, but speaking in a low sort of way, "how do you mean to pay our debts? I hear you have a few."

"I have a good many, one way or another."

"Wipe them off," said John.

"I wish I could wipe them off."

"There's nothing more easy," returned John, in his free manner. "Get the whitewash brush to work. The Insolvent Court has got its friendly doors ever open."

The color came into the face of Lionel. A Verter there! He quietly shook his head.

"I dare say I shall find a way of paying sometime, if the people will only wait."

"Sibylla helped you to a good part of the score, didn't she? People are saying so. Just like her!"

"When I complain of my wife, it will be quite time enough for other people to begin," said Lionel. "When I married Sibylla, I took her with her virtues and her faults; and I am quite ready to defend both."

"All right. I'd rather you had the right of defending them than I," said incorrigible John. "Look here, Lionel; I got you up here to-day to

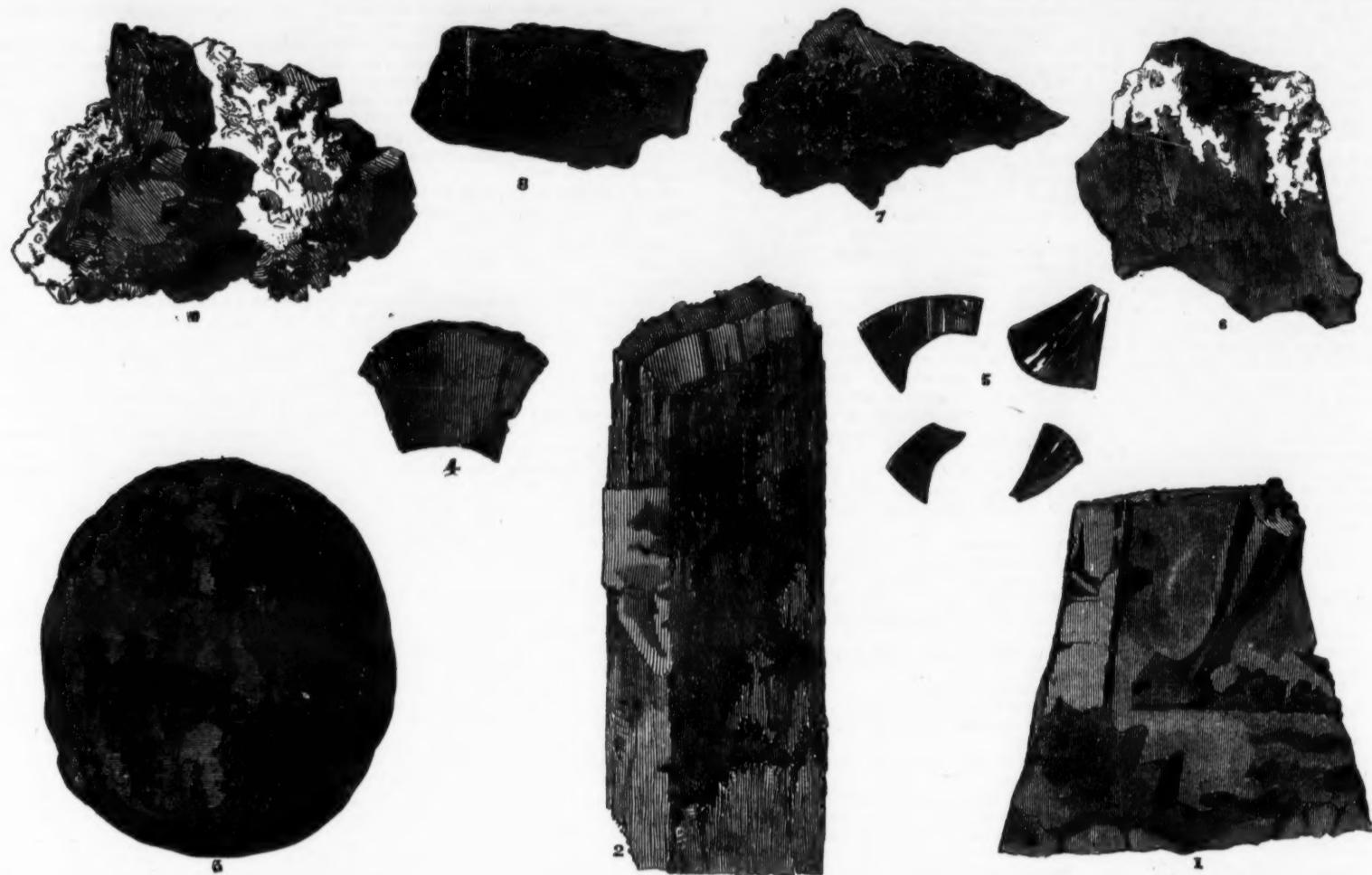
talk about the estate. Will you take the management of it?"

"Of this estate?" replied Lionel, not understanding.

"Deuce a bit of any other could I offer you. Things are all at sixes and sevens already; they are chaos—they are purgatory. That's our word out yonder, Lionel, to express the ultimatum of badness. Matiss comes and bothers; the tenants, one and another, come and bother; Roy comes and bothers. What with it all, I'm fit to bar the outer doors. Roy, you know, thought I should put him into power—no! Altogether, things are getting into inextricable confusion; I can't look to them, and I want a manager. Will you take it, Lionel? I'll give you five hundred a-year."

The mention of the sum quite startled Lionel. It was far more than he should have supposed John Massingbird would offer to any manager. Matiss would do it for a fourth. Should he take it?

He sat, twirling his wineglass round in his fingers. There was a soreness of spirit to get over, and it could not be done all in a moment. To become a servant (indeed it was no better) on the land that had once been his—that ought to be his now, by the law of right—a servant to John Massingbird! Could Lionel bend to it? John smoked, and sat watching him.



1. Fragment of a Tile. 2. Chip from a Piece of Oak. 3. Piece of Iron. 4. Pieces of Glass. 5. Piece of Pottery. 6. Fragments of Stone and Lime. 7. Stone, with Moss upon it. 8 and 9. Stones cemented with Lime.
THE RELICS FOUND BY CAPT. HALL IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS, IN 1862, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO THE FROBISHER EXPEDITION, DISPATCHED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND, IN 1583.

THE FROBISHER RELICS.

It has been well said, that while there is new work to be done in the world man will never cease persevering to complete it, no matter how difficult it be or how comparatively unprofitable at the moment. Indeed, the greater the danger, the more apparently insurmountable the impediments in the way, the more determined is he to overcome them. It seems as if it were necessary that the appetite of the human mind should be thus whetted to exercise man's mental powers to the fullest extent with which he has been endowed. In many remarkable cases this has been displayed, but in none more so than in the triumphs of adventurous voyagers over the obstacles presented by seas of ice, and by regions of eternal frost and snow, while endeavoring to find what has been called a North-West Passage.

The history of these various attempts is well-known, and also "the heroic deeds of those brave worthies," as that quaint historian, Purchas, says of them; therefore it is unnecessary to do more here than touch upon two especial efforts made in connection with the subject.

It is now nearly 300 years ago, in the reign of England's Queen Elizabeth, that one of her many brave sea-warriors, Martin Frobisher by name, conceived the idea that he would gain favors of his sovereign, the esteem of his fellow-men, and a niche in the temple of fame to be erected by posterity, as well as satisfy the cravings of his own daring mind, by seeking a passage to the golden Cathay, then so much discussed, round the northern part of that new land discovered by the Genoese Columbus.

In the year 1576, the bold adventurer, and some hardy companions, set sail from England in two barques and a small pinnace of 10 tons, to venture westward and northward into seas unknown, where the winter is nearly one continuous night, and the short summer, though of unceasing light, is yet so oft obscured by mist, and fog, and storm, that it would seem to be forsaken by the same good creative Power that rules elsewhere. But, nothing daunted, onward went these hardy seamen of a former day, cheered by the personal farewell of their Queen, and breasting the ocean storms of a new world in tiny barques, the tonnage of all three not being more than that of one small ship of commerce at the present time.

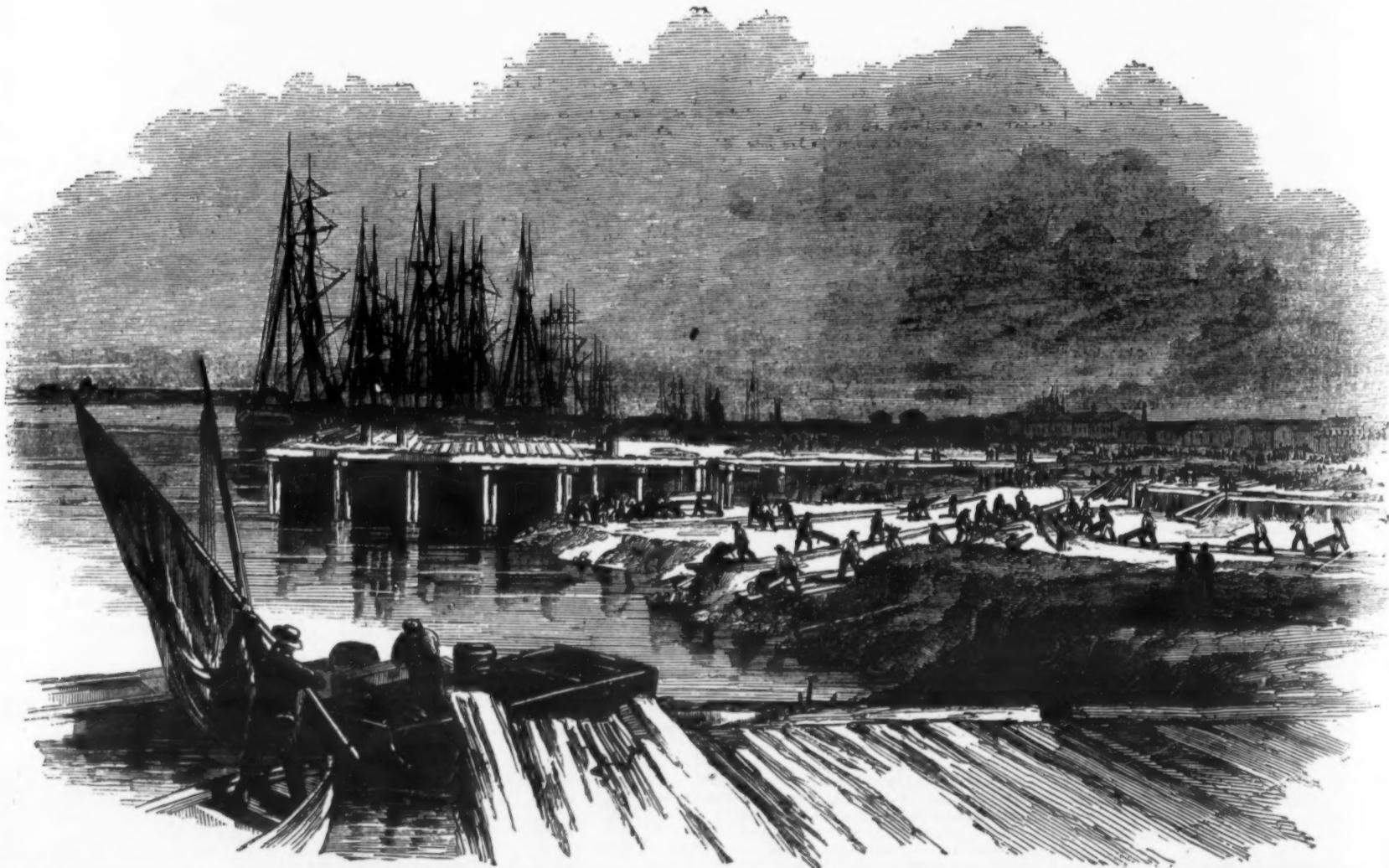
In August of the same year they discovered land, and entered a channel, which the bold Capt. Frobisher concluded was the passage sought for. One of his ships, the pinnace, with four men, had been lost when near Greenland, and the other had returned to England, thus only himself remained to prosecute the voyage. Communication with the shore was effected, the inhabitants were seen and intercourse with them carried on, so far as could be done by signs, and every means attempted to carry out their plans. But it so happened that five of Frobisher's men, neglecting his orders, were taken captive by the natives, and no effort made by the Captain could recover them. At length, deeming it wise not to pursue the voyage any longer that season, he returned to England, giving a goodly report of their discoveries.

This led to another and better expedition, under his charge, going forth the next and following years. The intention was to establish a colony on the newly-discovered land; and for that purpose all material necessary for the design, such as for erecting houses of wood, stone and lime, with tile and whatever else was thought suitable, in addition to an ample supply of provisions and "sea-coal" for fuel was carried

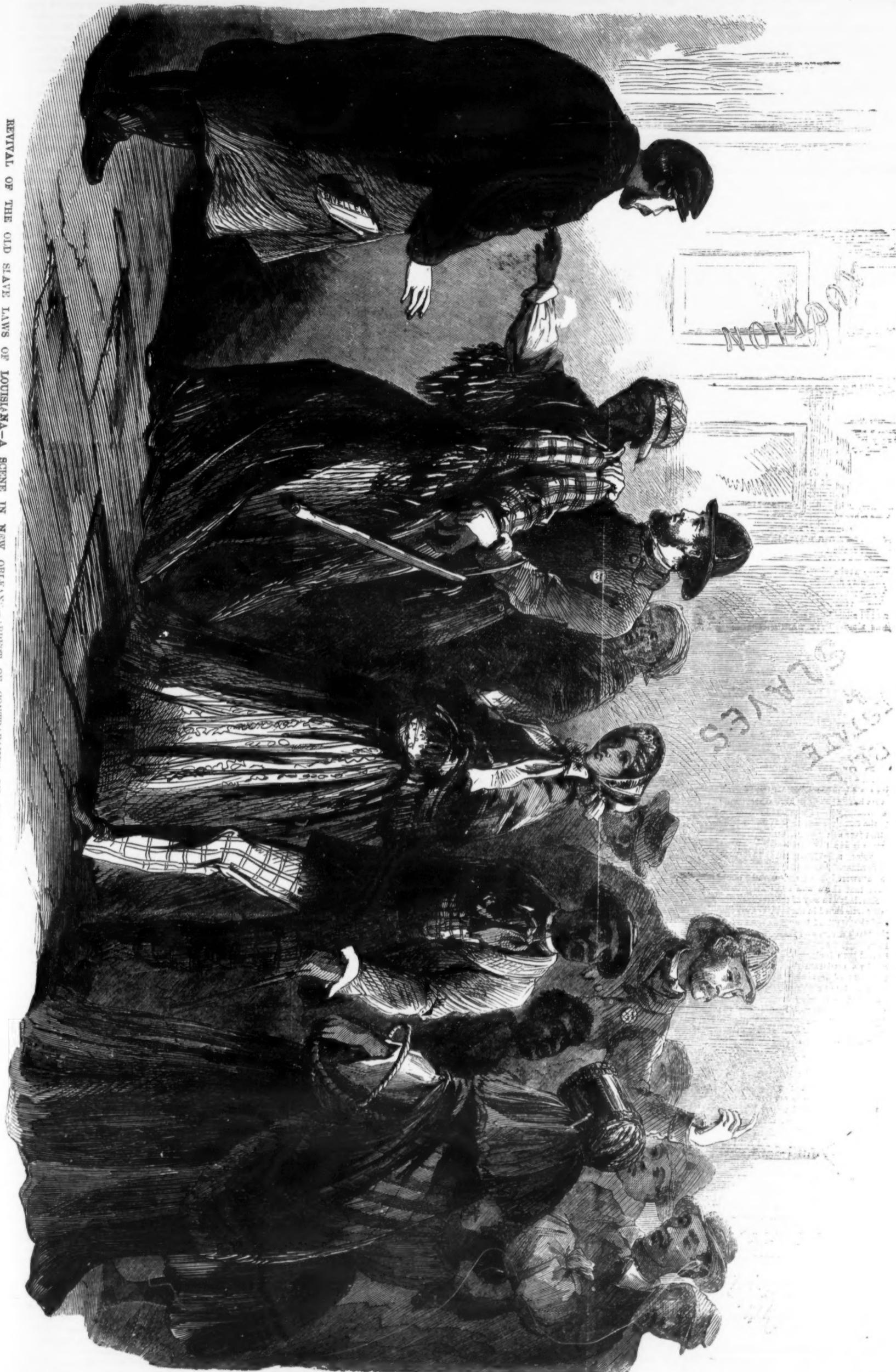
thither, and deposited at certain places in a sound named after the Countess of Warwick. It so happened, however, that all their efforts proved abortive. Houses and a fort, with workshops, were built; but owing to the loss of some of the ships and other causes, Frobisher and his companions finally had to abandon the attempt, and thus, after three expeditions, returned with only the doubtful result of having entered what was then thought to be the great North-West Passage, and which was called Frobisher Strait in honor of the great navigator.

Years passed on. Other brave voyagers followed up the track laid down, though pursuing different courses. Hudson and James and Luke Fox, in that direction, Davis and Bylot and Baffin more to the eastward and northerly, accomplished great things in their day. But still they were unable to complete the work. Several generations then passed away, and all the efforts made were with like success. At length the present century came round, and renewed interest was created in the subject by the perseverance and clear arguments put forth to the British Government and public by the late Sir John Barrow, and continued

(Continued on page 379.)



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE LEVEES AT NEW ORLEANS, (DESTROYED BY THE REBEL AUTHORITIES) BY THE UNEMPLOYED POOR OF THE CITY, BY ORDER OF GEN. BANKS, JANUARY, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



REVIVAL OF THE OLD SLAVE LAWS OF LOUISIANA—A SCENE IN NEW ORLEANS—ARREST OF CONTRABANDS ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 30.—(FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 36.)

TIME'S CHANGES.

How cold and gray life seems! I tread
The old frequented beaten way;
But voices once beloved have fled,
Their music lingers not to-day.

Far off I hear the shepherd's song,
And overhead the blackbird sings;
The stream leaps joyfully along;
The half-fledged sparrows try their wings.

The Spring's first green is on the trees,
The ancient trees I loved of yore;
The violet still perfumes the breeze—
All seems the same as heretofore.

But they, the friends of youth are gone,
And she, the loved one, far away—
How cold and gray life seems! Forlorn
I tread the cold and beaten way.

OUR SECOND FLOOR.

WHEN Jane suggested to me, after our long discussion of ways and means, that we could no longer afford to keep so large a house as that which we then occupied, there was an unpleasant chill crept over me. I felt that I could stink myself in the commissariat department, that I could willingly cut down the already diminished dress, or in the little matters of daily outlay, even though I could not bring a stranger into my home to share it by right, to meet me in the hall and in the passages, to sit with me on the stoop on summer evenings, or stroll about the 20 feet of flower-ground, dignified by the name of garden, and feel that they had equal right with myself, which unquestionably they would have, by virtue of the rent they would pay me.

I said as much to Jane, and the argument was met by her proposal that a bill should be put up, the applicants well studied, and, should none offer that entirely suited us, the bill could be taken down and some other scheme of retrenchment considered.

There were many applicants, some that were even eager, for I had placed the rent low, and the rooms were really comfortable, but their eagerness only made me more anxious to delay. In this way nearly two weeks ran on, and though Jane and I had charitably discussed every one of our would-be tenants, we were both agreed that the right ones had not presented themselves, and that on the following day the bill should be removed.

It was almost dusk when this conclusion was arrived at, and I had been walking back and forth in the room, occasionally stopping to look from the window. In one of my promenades I had caught the glimpse of a tall lady in black, on the opposite side of the street, and upon my periodical trip to the window, I saw the same figure standing upon the stoop, reading our bill. We are none of us free from prejudices, and I may be pardoned mine when I say that the immediate conclusion in my own mind as I gazed out upon the lady was, that if she became an applicant for our second floor she would be an unsuccessful one.

Yes, she rang the bell, and in a moment more stood in the room.

"Be seated, madam."

I must have spoken to her rather vacantly, as at the moment my mind wandered off in the past, to locate the face that was before me. I had certainly seen that face somewhere, but where? And when she spoke it was the same—a dreamy recollection of the voice, a peculiar tone, that came like a sound familiar.

Jane answered her queries, and I could see in a moment that there was something in the quiet, hesitating, ladylike way of the stranger that touched a sympathetic chord in the breast of my daughter, in spite of the want of beauty in the face, the rather shabby black dress, and the well-worn gloves of the speaker.

She had been looking for a place to call home, where, for a moderate rent, she could be exempt from the evil of bestowing herself, an invalid husband and two children in a tenant-house. Our demand was very reasonable, and would be within her means. Would the children be an objection? There was something so soft and pleasing in this, that, with a half-glance at Jane, I answered in the negative.

It was at this stage that I asked, rather abruptly I fear, her name.

"Dawson."

That certainly struck no chord of memory. There was no Dawson in my past.

"I have been married nearly fifteen years," she said, in that same sweet, dreamy voice that so puzled me.

How stupid of me that I did not think of that. If I but knew her maiden name, it might, perhaps, be a key to my puzzle, but I could not be so rude as to ask it. I had not a moment to consider this when she spoke again.

"Strange enough, my name was the same as your own, though we cannot be relatives."

"What?" I said. "Is your name Peake? It is not a common name. Are you of the Delaware family of Peakes? But no, that cannot be," I continued thoughtfully; "the Peakes, of Delaware, are all dead."

"Not all. I am the last but one. My aunt Rosamond is still living, and I am Mary Livingstone Peake."

There was a proud straightening up of the partially bent figure as she spoke, and I started to my feet.

"Are you Mary Livingstone Peake?"

"I do not wonder at your surprise," was her calm, mechanical answer; "though I do not remember you, nor did I know that you had any knowledge of me."

had not seen her who now stood before me since

she was a child five years of age, and that was just a quarter of a century before. Then I had seen her as the representative of the Peake family, the heiress to all the estates, centred by the death of other members of the family in her. Between her and the inheritance there stood only an aunt, Miss Rosamond Peake, who at that time was over fifty, and, as I supposed, must now be dead. It was no time then to ask questions, the shabby dress and worn gloves told the story, even though the care lines of the face said nothing. She must have the rooms. I could not think of seeing one who was once heiress of the Peake estates seeking shelter under my roof unsuccessfully, though she was a connection so far removed that I could scarcely count her as a relation.

This was the way that Mary Livingstone Peake, then Mrs. Edward Dawson, first became a tenant of my second floor.

I have said that I had not seen her since she was five years old, and it was not until she became my tenant that I knew her subsequent history.

When Mary Livingstone Peake came into the world there was great rejoicing over the event. Mr. Samuel Courtney Peake had been twenty years married without reaching that great point in which his whole soul was absorbed—the achievement of an heir to the Peake estates. Therefore was there great joy over the birth of a babe, even though a girl. It was generally supposed that Mr. Samuel Courtney Peake had a wife, and that Mary Livingstone Peake, the newly-come heiress to the Peake estates, had a mother; but that amiable lady, whoever or whatever she might be, was entirely lost sight of in the importance of her offspring. Her name was never mentioned with any other bearing than as nurse to her own child, and to this babe everything was made subservient.

Mr. Samuel Courtney Peake was born and educated with but one idea, which was—Mr. Samuel Courtney Peake! The family descended from an excellent cavalier stock, once settlers of Virginia, and afterward, by a branch of Southern Delaware, had been renowned for a couple of centuries for the transmission of this one idea, as applied to each individual representative. Whatever may have faded out, from the time of the old stock, in the person of Mr. Samuel Courtney Peake this characteristic had not, nor yet the desire that it should be transmitted in all its force to his heiress, Mary Livingstone Peake.

How this babe lived through the importance of her position; how she struggled up against the dosing and doctoring, the nursing and watching, is one of those things only known to nurses and doctors, or such others as be fully initiated into the masonry of babies.

It was, as I have said, in the fifth year of babyhood, that personal knowledge failed, on my part, concerning the heiress of the Peakes, but from that point I could follow for many years by hearsay.

"Hearsay" said that between Miss Rosamond Peake and her brother a feud existed, which extended cordially on the part of the lady to her niece, and that this feud had arisen from the fact that an expectation existed in the mind of Miss Rosamond that the naming of the heir to the estates must be with herself, and that name should be her own.

"Hearsay," declared that nothing could exceed the indignation of the maiden lady when it was announced to her that the future heiress would be called Mary Livingstone Peake, after a long past love of the father's, who had since married, become a widow, and was blessed with sundry estates and bounteous wealth, with never an heir to it all, nearer than a forty-fifth cousin.

The will by which Mr. Samuel Courtney Peake held the Delaware estates read that it was jointly with his sister, the survivor enjoying the whole, until their death, when they were to be divided among the children in the proportion of three-fourths to the boys, one-fourth to the girls, the males being trustees for the females.

The fact of Miss Rosamond's singleness, and there being no other child of Mr. Samuel Courtney, vested the entire estates, without control, in the hands of Mary Livingstone Peake, after the death of her aunt Rosamond.

This is the history of the expectations of our second floor.

"Hearsay" further declared that, in spite of all nursing and doctoring, the heiress, in time, grew to be a healthy, beautiful and accomplished girl, and that the feud of the aunt slept or was hidden under the development and beauty of her niece, until she went even so far as to interest herself in the settlement of the heiress, and to enter upon a deliberate attempt at matchmaking, having selected the one that in her mind was most suitable to wed the Peake heiress.

With the usual perversity of girls when arrived at a marriageable age, the niece did not enter with enthusiasm on the plans of her aunt. Plainly, upon the issue, she utterly refused to link her fortunes with those of Mr. Anthony Lee, a quiet, inoffensive creature, selected as the very pink of Miss Rosamond's admiration, and in so doing cast down the temple of amity that Miss Rosamond had been building so daintily, and instituted a vendetta on the part of that lady, which existed without an inch of retraction until the hour when her niece became our tenant.

It was not only the refusal of the selected husband that brought down the ire of Miss Rosamond, but the still further indignity put upon her, that her niece chose to select one for herself, in the person of Wilmer Dawson, a young lawyer, brilliant in talent, and of most honorable family, but poor—a crime in the eyes of Miss Rosamond, for which death could hardly atone.

From the time of the marriage until the appearance at my own house I had lost sight and hearsay of the Peakes, and had yet to learn the cause that she, whom I had looked upon as one of great wealth in prospective, should be soliciting shelter under so humble a roof as my own.

They were quiet tenants. Mr. Wilmer Dawson I seldom saw, and had I selected the children from among a million for mild, old-fashioned ways and obedience, I could not have found better specimens. Timid little creatures they were, with great, soft, blue eyes, wearing the same sad look as their mothers.

I had remarked only of Mr. Wilmer Dawson, that he remained within doors all day, going out at night and staying late, sometimes very late, or rather early. They had not been long my tenants when this was accounted for by the explanation that he was night editor upon a daily paper.

It was one evening, a short time after this explanation, that I had been writing late, and had just taken up my lamp for bed and opened the door that led into the hall, when I met Mr. Wilmer Dawson face to face. So silently had he entered from the street that I had not heard the door open. A glance showed me in an instant that he was intoxicated, so much so as only to be able to sustain the perpendicular by the aid of the wall. I stood back for an instant, shading my lamp with my hand, and watched his passage through the entry and up the stairs. Fearfully gone he was, and yet no noise marked his progress. By clinging convulsively to the banister, he raised himself step by step, and when he turned the bend of the stairs, I was conscious of a quiet opening of a door, a light step and an assistance rendered, as though his coming had been expected and watched for.

There was something sadly and terribly mysterious to me in this, and for hours that night I tossed and tumbled, thinking of it, and on the next day I determined to fathom the matter, even at the cost of believing that I was prying into what was beyond my concern.

It was with this resolve that I sat that night sleepless, with the door of my own room open, and watched. Two, three, four o'clock, and at last he came with the same silence and creeping, and again I watched him, in the last stage of intoxication that would allow him to serve himself, crawl up the stair and receive again the same aid as the night before. For a week I watched and waited to see the same fearful sight before I spoke, and then, piece by piece, another chapter in the history of our second floor came out.

To me there was something so terrible in the idea of this white-faced man, whom I had always regarded as an invalid, creeping into my house long after midnight, in a state approaching to imbecility, to be met by the watching wife, that I must do something, or say something, to stay it if possible.

To attempt by chance the obtaining of a conversation with Mrs. Dawson was a matter beyond possibility. She never gossiped, or made excuses for little calls; and never, except upon the occasion of paying her rent, which occasion was then two months away, came over the threshold of our rooms. There was no choice for it, therefore, but to send Jane with a request that Mrs. Dawson would favor me with an interview.

My heart failed me when the pale, care-worn woman entered my sitting-room, and I scarce know how I stammered out the telling of my discovery, nor how I bore it when I saw that its recital had brought floods of silent tears, which burst into a heartbroken expression of grief as I ended.

The confession came. This was the curse that was keeping them in poverty. From the shock cast before him soon after his marriage, Wilmer Dawson had not been able to struggle up, and this fearful, silent habit of drinking was the consequence. What this shock was, let me tell as it was told me.

I have said that the old feud of Miss Rosamond was renewed in double bitterness upon the marriage of the heiress. To that extent was it carried, that all communication between brother and sister ceased, and the bare existence of the niece was even repudiated.

At the death of Mr. Samuel Courtney, which occurred within a year after the wedding, Miss Rosamond came in state to Fair Oaks, presided with tearless eyes at her brother's funeral, without speaking or looking at Mrs. Dawson or her husband, took legal possession of the effects, instructed her attorney to give them legal notice to quit, and returned to her home as calmly as if her errand had been one of the most simple business.

Two years passed away from this time and aunt and niece met as utter strangers daily. Mr. Wilmer Dawson followed his profession, but between unfitness for the drudgery and want of health the road was an uphill one, and many times the young wife trembled in fear lest he should drop by the wayside, leaving her to do battle alone.

It was at the end of these two years that Fair Oaks was one day electrified by the story that Miss Rosamond Peake had produced to her astounded household, in the person of a lad, almost grown to manhood, one whom she publicly acknowledged as a son, admitting that nearly twenty years before she had, during the life of her father, contracted a clandestine marriage, and this son was the issue.

It was only natural that among those who knew the Peake will and the bitterness existing in the mind of Miss Rosamond against her niece, that this revelation should be received with a sneer of disbelief; but for this Miss Rosamond was prepared, and a few days settled the matter in the minds of all suspicion. There was proof of the marriage most unimpeachable, and the motive that had caused it to be kept secret, the enmity of the elder Peake to the husband, was well known. Then came the birth of the child while Miss Rosamond was on a visit to some friends at the North, and its keeping traced up to the day when, by her own account, her conscience would not allow her longer concealment. The husband of Rosamond Peake was within the memory of all who could extend back for twenty years, the enmity of the father, the clandestine meetings that were discovered and broken up, and finally, two years after the date of the marriage, the sudden death of the husband by the explosion of a steamer upon the Chesapeake.

It was this blow that overthrew the last ambition of Wilmer Dawson. With strong talent, he was yet weak and vacillating, and the want of proper physical strength to resist the mental strain caused his fall. He neglected his profession and sacrificed his friends and his clients. He became careless of health, and the insidious habits of intemperance that crept upon him soon became, in so small a place as the town they resided in, known to all.

It was under these circumstances that Mrs. Dawson had pleaded for a removal to Philadelphia, in the hope of losing in the midst of a crowd what could not be lost in their native place.

What could I do with the soft pleading face that was telling me all this sad story?

Whatever may be the disgrace, however much it may become known, I could not surrender her to the world to do battle alone. From that moment I decided to bend all the energies I could bring to bear upon the saving of this man, to arouse his pride or his love if any spark of it was left, and if it lay within human possibility, to rescue him from this living death. It would be a noble work, a Christian act.

My tenant shook her head sadly through a flood of tears when I bade her be of good cheer and declared my intention of trying yet to save her and him, but still I entered upon the work with hope.

It was a fearful struggle with a diseased appetite that I persuaded him at last allow me to meet him at the office when he had performed his nightly labor, and accompany him to his home. It was through the same bribery I would extend to a child, that I promised if he would do this I would give him a certain quantity of liquor each night in my own room before he retired. It was only under the most solemn asseveration from him that a sudden breakage from his habit would result in his death, an asseveration in which I believed, that I consented to such a bargain; but when it was once made, like a child he assented to it, and allowed himself to be blindly led to its fulfilment.

During the first two weeks of this arrangement I had frequently noticed the passage to and fro, on the opposite side of the street, of a man somewhat advanced in life, gray-haired, gaunt and shabby. He was unquestionably watching our house, and for many days this singular apparition troubled me almost as much as did the discovery of Dawson's strange intemperance. At first I could form no hypothesis for the man's watching, but at last I found comfort in the belief that he had been some companion of Dawson's drinking, and was seeking once more the relationship.

This theory answered my mind until one night, late, when I was returning with my tenant from our meeting, I was startled by the quick patter of feet close behind me. I turned suddenly, and the man of whom I have spoken brushed quickly by, turned his head, stared rapidly into Dawson's face, and in an instant darted down a by-street. We had both a good opportunity to mark his features, and my immediate question to my companion was, did he ever see him before?

"Never!"

Once again I was at fault, but I had little time that night to think of it; for, from the moment I sighted our house, I knew that something had occurred out of the ordinary way. There was a light burning in my own room, and within it I could plainly see a figure moving about, whose shadow was marked upon the drawn curtain.

A few minutes showed us that both Mrs. Dawson and my daughter were up, and waiting our coming. A few minutes more and the cause became known—Miss Rosamond Peake was dead. The news had come that afternoon, a formal notification from her attorney of the fact; and that Mrs. Dawson was claimant to one quarter the estates, subject to restrictions, and the trusteeship of aunt Rosamond's son.

That night, in the discussion of ways and means, and of what steps were to be taken in the future, Mr. Wilmer Dawson retired without his accustomed allowance of liquor, and the conclusion was arrived at that on the very next day Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and myself should depart for Delaware, while the children should be left in the care of Jane.

The next moment we were stirring very early, but not so early that somebody was not before us. A powerful ring came upon the bell, and in the start and hurry of the moment I went myself to the door. There stood the man who had within the past few weeks so disturbed me. He wanted Mr. Wilmer Dawson. A shudder of misgiving ran over me, as I bade him come in, that all was not right, and though I knew that it was stretching my interest to the furthest point, I could not help wishing to be present at the interview. I had not long to wait for my wish, for in less than ten minutes I was summoned by Mrs. Dawson, who came, looking flushed and excited, to my room.

It was a strange story the man told. He himself had been an actor in it. He proffered the evidence that would show the heir to the Peake estates, aunt Rosamond's reputed son, to be an impostor, the orphan of parents who had died in New York, leaving this boy to guardians, who had bargained with Rosamond Peake for the transfer to her charge, that they might obtain the small amount that was left by his parents for his education. He, the speaker, had acted as the agent and attorney in the matter, and his mouth had been sealed by a liberal fee; but now, poverty had come, and he was willing to sell what he knew. He had thought first of making demands on Miss Rosamond to purchase his silence, but had concluded that a better bargain might be made with the true heirs, to say nothing of the fact that he was somewhat afraid of the quick, emphatic ways of Rosamond Peake, and timid about trusting himself down in Delaware.

At what did he value his information? At very little. A few hundreds now, and a few thousands when the estates were secured to the proper heirs.

I promised that the hundreds should be forthcoming immediately the information was shown to be true, and on the part of the heirs that the the-

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ands should be paid on taking possession. It was clear that he had not heard of the death of the aunt, or he would have made a harder bargain or sold his information to the false-heir. I did not intend that he should hear of it immediately, and within a few hours I had his statement drawn up under legal hands, and every point of testimony accurately noted, and was on my way, accompanied by himself and Mr. Dawson, to New York, for verification.

My story is told. Within a week we had the evidence properly authenticated, that though Miss Rosamond Peake had married, no child was born from that marriage, but the substitution of this heir was an afterthought, engendered by her bitterness to her niece.

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